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IMAGINATION.\*

A TALE FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

—  
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CHAPTER IV.

Although Julia spent most of her time with her aunt and cousin, opportunities for meditation were not wanting: in the retirement of her closet she perused and re-perused the frequent letters of her friend. The modesty of Julia, or rather shame, would have prevented her from making Anna acquainted with all her feelings, but it would have been treason to her friendship not to have poured out a little of her soul at the feet of Miss Miller. Accordingly, in her letters, Julia did not avoid the name of Antonio. She mentioned it often, but with womanly delicacy, if not with discretion. The seeds of constant association had, unknown to herself, taken deep root, and it was not in the power of Anna Miller to eradicate impressions which had been fastened by the example of the aunt, and cherished by the society of her cousin. Although deluded, weak, and even indiscreet, Julia was not in delicate. Yet enough had escaped her to have given any experienced eye an insight into the condition of her mind, had Anna chosen to have exposed her letters to any one. The danger of such a correspondence should alone deter any female from its indulgence. Society has brand-

ed the man with scorn who dares abuse the confidence of a woman in this manner; and the dread of indignation of his associates makes it an offence which is rarely committed by the other sex; but there is no such obligation imposed on woman, and that frequently passes for a joke which harrows every feeling that is dear to the female breast, and violates all that is delicate and sensitive in our nature. Surely, where it is necessary, from any adventitious circumstances, to lay the least open in this manner, it should only be done to those whose characters are connected with our own, and who feel ridicule, inflicted on us, as disgrace heaped upon themselves. A peculiar evil of these confidential friendships is, that they are most liable to occur when, from their youth, their victims are the least guarded; and, at the same time, from inconstancy, the most liable to change. Happily, however, for Julia's peace of mind, she foresaw no such dangers from her intimacy with Anna, and letter and answer passed between them, at short intervals, during the remainder of the summer. We shall give but one more specimen of each, as they have strong resemblance to one another—we shall select two that were written late in August.

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"My own and beloved Julia,—

"Your letters are the only consolation that my anxious heart can know in this dreary solitude. O! my friend, how would your tender heart bleed did you but know the least of my sufferings; but they are all requited by the delightful anticipation of Park Place. I hope your dear aunt has not found it necessary to lay down her carriage in the change of the times; write me in your next about it. Antonio has been here again; and he solicited an audience with me in private—of course I granted it, for friendship hallows all that is done under its mantle. It was a moonlight night—mild Luna shedding a balmy light on the surrounding objects, and, if possible, rendering my heart more sensitive than ever. One solitary glimmering star showed, by its paly quiverings, the impress of evening, while not a cloud obscured the vast firmament of the heaven. On such an evening Antonio could do nothing but converse of my absent friends; he dwelt on the indescribable grace of your person, the lustre of your eye, and the vermilion of your lips, until exhausted language could furnish no more epithets of rapture; then the transition to your mind was natural and easy; and it was while listening to his honied accents that I thought my Julia herself was talking.

"Soft as the dews from heaven descend, his gentle accents fell."

"Ah, Julia! nothing but a strong prepossession, and my friendship for you, could remove the danger of such a scene. Yes! friend of my heart, I must acknowledge my weakness.—There is a youth in New York, who has long been master of my too sensitive heart, and without him life will be a burden. Cruel fate divides us now, but when invited by your aunt to Park Place, O, rapture unutterable! I shall be near my Regulus. This, surely, is all that can be wanting to stimulate my Julia to get the invitation from her aunt. Antonio says that if I go to the city this Fall, he will hover near me on the road to guard the friend of Julia; and that he will eagerly avail himself of my presence to seek her society. I am called from my delightful occupation by one of my troublesome sisters, who wishes me to assist her in some trifle or other. Make my most profound respects

to your dear, good aunt, and believe me your own true friend,  
ANNA.

At length Julia thought she had made the discovery of Anna's reason for her evident desire to spend the winter in town—like herself, her friend had become the victim of the soft passion, and from that moment Julia determined that Katherine Emerson must seek another residence, in order that Anna might breathe love's atmosphere. How much a desire to see Antonio governed this decision, we cannot say, but we are certain that, if in the least, Julia was herself ignorant of the power. With her, it seemed to be the result of pure, disinterested, and confiding friendship. In answer, our heroine wrote as follows:

"My beloved Anna,

"Your kind, consolatory letters are certainly the solace of my life. Ah! Anna, I have long thought that some important secret lay heavy at your heart. The incoherency of your letters, and certain things too trifling to mention, had made me suspicious that some unusual calamity had befallen you. You do not mention who Regulus is. I am burning with curiosity to know; although I doubt not that he is every way worthy of your choice.

"I have in vain run over in my mind every young man that we know, but not one of them, that I can find, has any of the qualities of a hero. Do relieve my curiosity in your next, and I may have it in my power to write you something of his movements. O! Anna, why will you dwell on the name of Antonio—I am sure I ought not to listen as I do to what he says—and when we meet, I am afraid that he will not find all the attractions which your too partial friendship has portrayed. If he should be thus disappointed, Oh! Anna—Anna—what would become of your friend—but I will not dwell on the horrid idea. Charles Weston is yet here, and Katherine Emerson too: so that but for the thoughts of my absent Anna, and perhaps a little uneasiness on the subject of Antonio, I might be perfectly happy. You know how good and friendly Katherine is, and really Charles does all in his power to please. If he were only a little more heroic he would be a charming young man: for although he is not very handsome, I don't think you notice it in the least when you are intimate with him. Poor Charles,

he was terribly mortified about the flash of lightning—but then all are not brave alike.—Adieu, my Anna—and if you do converse more with a certain person about, you know whom, let it be with discretion, or you may raise expectations she will not equal. Your own

JULIA."

"P. S. I had almost forgotten to say that aunt has promised me that I can ask you to stay with us, if, after the 20th September, I wish it, as you may be sure that I will. Aunt keeps her carriage yet, and I hope will never want it in her old age."

About the time this letter was written, Miss Emmerson made both her nieces acquainted with the promised object that was to give them the agreeable surprise — she had long contemplated going to see "the Falls," and she now intended putting her plan in execution. Katherine was herself pressed to make one of the party, but the young lady, at the same time she owned her wish to see this far-famed cataract, declined the offer firmly, but gratefully, on account of her desire to spend the remaining time with her father and mother, before they went to the South. Charles Weston looked from Katherine to Julia during this dialogue, and for an instant was at a loss to know which he thought the handsomest of the cousins. But Julia entered into the feelings of the other so quickly, and so gracefully offered to give up the journey, in order that Miss Emmerson might continue with her brother, that, aided by her superior beauty, she triumphed. It was evident that the consideration for her niece was a strong inducement with the aunt for making the journey, and the contest became as disinterested as it was pleasing to the auditors. But the authority of Miss Emmerson prevailed, and Charles was instantly enlisted as their escort for the journey. Julia never looked more beautiful or amiable than during this short controversy. It had been mentioned by the aunt that she should take the house of Mr. Miller in her road, and the information excited an emotion that brought all her lustre to her eyes, and bloom to her cheeks. Charles thought it was a burst of generous friendship, and admired the self-denial with which she urged her aunt to relinquish the idea. But Julia was constitutionally gene-

rous, and it was the excess of the quality that made her enthusiastic and visionary. If she did not deserve all of Charles's admiration, she was entitled to no small share of it.

As soon as the question was determined in favor of going, Miss Emmerson and Katherine withdrew, leaving Charles alone with the heroine of our tale. Under the age of five-and-twenty, men commonly act at the instigation of sudden impulse, and young Weston was not yet twenty-one. He had long admired Julia for her beauty and good feelings; he did not see one half of her folly, and he knew all her worth; her enthusiastic friendship for Miss Miller was forgotten; even her mirth at his own want of heroism had at the moment escaped his memory—and the power of the young lady over him was never greater.

"How admirable in you, Julia," he said, seating himself by her side, "to urge what was against your own wishes, in order to oblige your aunt!"

"Do you think so, Charles?" said the other simply; "but you see I urged it feebly, for I did not prevail."

"No, for you mistook your aunt's wishes, it seems: she desires to go—but then all the loveliness of the act was yours."

At the word loveliness, Julia raised her eyes to his face with a slight blush—it was new language for Charles Weston to use, and it was just suited to her feelings. After a moment's pause, however, she replied—

"You use strong language, cousin Charles, such as is unusual for you."

"Julia, although I may not often have expressed it, I have long thought you to be very lovely!" exclaimed the young man, borne away with his ardor at the moment.

"Upon my word, Charles, you improve," said Julia, blushing yet more deeply, and, if possible, looking still handsomer than before.

"Julia—Miss Warren—you tear my secret from me before its time—I love you, Julia, and would wish to make you my wife."

This was certainly very plain English, nor did Julia misunderstand a syllable of what he said—but it was entirely new and unexpected to her; she had lived with Charles Weston with the confidence of a kinswoman, but had never dreamt of him as a lover. Indeed, she

saw nothing in him that looked like a being to excite or to entertain such a passion; and although from the moment of his declaration she began insensibly to think differently of him, nothing was farther from her mind than to return his offered affection. But then the opportunity of making a sacrifice to her secret love was glorious, and her frankness forbade her to conceal the truth. Indeed, what better way was there to destroy the unhappy passion of Charles, than to convince him of its hopelessness? These thoughts flashed through her mind with the rapidity of lightning—and trembling with the agitation and novelty of her situation, she answered in a low voice—

"That, Charles, can never be."

"Why never, Julia?" cried the youth, giving way at once to his long-suppressed feelings—"why never? Try me, prove me! there is nothing I will not do to gain your love."

O! how seductive to a female is the first declaration of attachment, especially when urged by youth and merit!—it assails her heart in the most vulnerable part, and if it be not fortified unusually well, seldom fails of success. Happily for Julia, the image of Antonio presented itself to save her from infidelity to her old attachment, and she replied—

"You are kind and good, Charles, and I esteem you highly—but ask no more, I beg of you."

"Why, if you grant me this, why forbid me to hope for more?" said the youth eagerly, and looking really handsome.

Julia hesitated a moment, and let her dark eyes fall before his ardent gaze, at a loss what to say—but the face of Apollo in the imperial uniform interposed to save her.

"I owe it to your candor, Mr Weston, to own my weakness—" she said and hesitated.

"Go on, Julia—my Julia," said Charles, in an unusually soft voice; kill me at once, or bid me live!"

Again Julia paused, and again she looked on her companion with kinder eyes than usual—when she felt the picture which lay next her heart, and proceeded—

"Yes, Mr Weston, this heart, this foolish, weak heart is no longer my own."

"Now!" exclaimed Charles, in astonish-

ment, "and have I then a rival, and a successful one too?"

"You have," said Julia, burying her face in her hands to conceal her blushes. "But, Mr. Weston, on your generosity I depend for secrecy—he as generous as myself."

"Yes—yes—I will conceal my misery from others," cried Charles, springing on his feet and rushing from the room; "would to God I could conceal it from myself!"

Julia was sensibly touched with his distress, and for an instant there was some regret mingled with self-satisfaction at her own candor—but then the delightful reflection soon presented itself of the gratitude of Antonio when he should learn her generous conduct, and her self-denial in favor of a man whom she had as yet never seen. At the same time she was resolutely determined never to mention the occurrence herself—not even to her Anna.

Miss Emerson was enabled to discover some secret uneasiness between Charles and Julia, although she was by no means able to penetrate the secret. The good aunt had long anxiously wished for such a declaration as had been made to her niece, and it was one of the last of her apprehensions that it would not have been favorably received. Of simple and plain habits herself, Miss Emerson was but little versed in the human heart; she thought that Julia was evidently happy and pleased with her young kinsman, and she considered him in every respect a most eligible connexion for her charge: their joint fortunes would make an ample estate, and they were alike affectionate and good-tempered—what more could be wanting? Nothing, however, passed in the future intercourse of the young couple to betray their secrets, and Miss Emerson soon forgot her surmises. Charles was much hurt at Julia's avowal, and had in vain puzzled his brains to discover who his rival could be. No young man that was in the least (so he thought) suitable to his mistress, visited her, and he gave up his conjectures in despair of discovering this unknown lover, until accident or design should draw him into notice. Little did he suspect the truth. On the other hand, Julia spent her secret hours in the delightful consciousness of now having done something that rendered her



worthy of Antonio, with occasional regret that she was compelled by delicacy and love to refuse Charles so hastily as she had done.

Very soon after this embarrassing explanation, Julia received a letter from her friend that was in no way distinguishable from the rest, except that it contained the real name of Regulus, which she declared to be Henry Frederick St. Albans. If Charles was at a loss to discover Julia's hidden love, Julia herself was equally uncertain how to know who this Mr. St. Albans was. After a vast deal of musing, she remembered that Anna was absent from school without leave one evening, and had returned alone with a young man who was unknown to the mistress. This incident was said, by some, to have completed her education rather within the usual time. Julia had herself thought her friend indiscreet, but, on the whole, hardly treated—and they left the school together. This must have been Mr. St. Albans, and Anna stood fully exculpated in her eyes. The letter also announced the flattering fact that Antonio had already left the country, ordering his servants and horses home, and that he had gone to New York with the intention of hovering around Julia, in a mask, that she could not possibly remove during the dangers of their expected journey.—Anna acknowledged that she had betrayed Antonio's secret, but pleaded her duty to her friend in justification. She did not think Julia would be able to penetrate his disguise, as he had declared his intentions so to conceal himself by paint and artifice, as to be able to escape detection.

Here was a new source of pleasure to our heroine: Antonio was already on the wing for the city, perhaps arrived—nay, might have seen her, might even now be within a short distance of the summer house where she was sitting at the time, and watching her movements. As this idea suggested itself, Julia started, and unconsciously arranging her hair, by bringing forward a neglected curl, moved with trembling steps towards the dwelling. At each turn of the walk, our heroine threw a timid eye around in quest of an unknown figure, and more than once fancied she saw the face of the god of music peering at her from the friendly covert of her aunt's shrubbery; and twice she mistook the light green of a neighboring corn-field, waving in

the wind, for the coat of Antonio. Julia had so long associated the idea of her hero with the image in her bosom, that she had given it perfect identity; but on more mature reflection, she was convinced of her error: he would come disguised, Anna had told her, and had ordered his servants home; where that home was, Julia was left in ignorance—but she fervently hoped, not far removed from her beloved aunt.

The idea of a separation from this affectionate relative, who had proved a mother to her in infancy, gave great pain to her best feelings; and Julia again internally prayed that the residence of Antonio might not be far distant.—What the disguise of her lover would be, Julia could not imagine—probably, that of a wandering harper: but then she remembered that there were no harpers in America, and the very singularity might betray his secret. Music is the "food of love," and Julia fancied for a moment that Antonio might appear as an itinerant organist—but it was only for a moment; for as soon as she figured to herself that Apollo form, bending under the awkward load of a music grinder, she turned in disgust from the picture. His taste, thought Julia, will protect me from such a sight—she might have added, his convenience too.

Various disguises presented themselves to our heroine, until, on a view of the whole subject, she concluded that Antonio would not appear as a musician at all, but in some capacity in which he might continue unsuspected, near her person, and execute his project of shielding her from the dangers of travelling. It was then only as a servant that he could appear, and, after mature reflection, Julia confidently expected to see him in the character of a coachman.

Willing to spare her own losses, Miss Emerson had already sent to the city for the keeper of a livery-stable, to come and contract with her for a travelling carriage, to convey her to the Falls of Niagara. The man came, and it is no wonder that Julia, under her impressions, choose to be present at the conversation.

"Well then," said Miss Emerson to the man, "I will pay you your price, but you must furnish me with good horses to meet me at Albany—remember that I take all the useless expense between the two cities, that I may know whom it is I deal with."

"Miss Emerson ought to know me pretty

well by this time," said the man; "I have driven her enough, I think."

"And a driver," continued the lady, musing, "who am I to have for a driver?" Here Julia became all attention, trembling and blushing with apprehension.

"O, a driver!" cried the horse-dealer; "I have got you an excellent driver, one of the first chop in the city."

Although these were not the terms that our heroine would have used herself in speaking of this personage, yet she thought they plainly indicated his superiority, and she waited in feverish suspense to hear more.

"He must be steady, and civil, and sober, and expert, and tender hearted," said Miss Emmerson, who thought of any thing but a hero in disguise.

"Yes—yes—yes—yes—yes," replied the stable-keeper, nodding his head and speaking at each requisite, "he is all that, I can engage to Miss Emmerson."

"And his eyesight must be good," continued the lady, deeply intent on providing well for her journey; "We may ride late in the evening, and it is particularly requisite that he should have good eyes."

"Yes—yes, ma'am," said the man, in a little embarrassment that did not escape Julia; "he has as good an eye as any man in America."

"Of what age is he?" asked Miss Emmerson.

"About fifty," replied the man, thinking years would be a recommendation.

"Fifty!" exclaimed Julia, in a tone of disappointment.

"'Tis too old," said Miss Emmerson; "he should be able to undergo fatigue."

"Well I may be mistaken. O, he can't be more than forty, or thirty," continued the man, watching the countenance of Julia; "he is a man that looks much older than he is."

"Is he strong and active?"

"I guess he is—he's as strong as an ox, and active as a cat," said the other, determined he should pass.

"Well, then," said the aunt, in her satisfied way, "let every thing be ready for us in Albany by next Tuesday. We shall leave home on Monday."

The man withdrew.

Julia had heard enough—for ox she had substituted Hercules, and for cat, she read the feathered Mercury.

## CHAPTER V.

The long expected Monday at length arrived, and Miss Emmerson and Julia, taking an affectionate leave of their relatives in the city, went on board the steamboat under the protection of Charles Weston.

Here a new scene indeed opened for our heroine; for some time she even forgot to look round her in the throng in quest of Antonio. As the boat glided along the stream, she stood leaning on one arm of Charles, while Miss Emmerson held the other, in delighted gaze at the objects, which they had scarcely distinguished before they were passed.

"See, dear Charles," cried Julia, in a burst of what she would call natural feeling—"there is our house—here the summer house, and there the little arbour where you read to us last week, Scott's new novel—how delightful! every thing now seems and feels like home."

"Would it were a home for us all," said Charles, gently pressing her arm in his own, and speaking only to be heard by Julia, "then should I be happy indeed."

Julia thought no more of Antonio; but while her delighted eye rested on the well-known scenes around their house, and she stood in the world, for the first time, leaning on Charles, she thought him even nearer than their intimacy and consanguinity made them. But the boat was famous for her speed, and the house, garden, and every thing Julia knew, were soon out of sight, and she, by accident, touching the picture which she had encased in an old gold setting of her mother's, and lodged in her bosom, was immediately restored to her former sense of things. Then her eye glanced rapidly round the boat, but discovering no face which in the least resembled disguise, she abandoned the expectation of meeting her lover before they reached Albany. Her beauty drew many an eye on her, however, and catching the steady and admiring gaze of one or two of the gentlemen, Julia's heart beat, and her face was covered with blushes. She was by no means sure that Antonio would appear as a coachman—this was

merely a suggestion of her own; and the idea that he might possibly be one of the gazers, covered her with confusion: her blushes drew still more admiration and attention upon her; and we cannot say what might have been the result of her fascinations, had not Charles at this instant approached them, and pointing to a sloop they were passing at the time, exclaimed,—

"See, madam,—see, Julia—there is our travelling equipage on board that sloop, going up to meet us at Albany."

Our heroine looked as directed, and saw a vessel moving with tolerable rapidity up the river, within a short distance from them. On its deck were a travelling carriage and a pair of horses, and by the latter stood a man who, by the whip in his hand, was evidently the driver. His stature was tall and athletic; his complexion dark, near to blackness; his face was buried in whiskers; and his employer had spoken the truth when he said he had as good an eye as any man in America—it was large, black, and might be piercing. But then he had but one—at least the place where the other ought to be, was covered by an enormous patch of green silk. This, then, was Antonio. It is true he did not resemble Apollo, but his disguise altered him so that it was difficult to determine. As they moved slowly by the vessel, the driver recognised Charles, having had an interview with him the day before, and saluted him with a low bow—his salutation was noticed by the young man, who slightly touched his hat, and gave him a familiar nod in return. Julia, unconsciously, bent her body and felt her cheeks glow with confusion as she rose again.

She could not muster resolution to raise her eyes towards the sloop, but by a kind of instinctive coquetry dragged her companion to the other side of the boat. As soon as she was able to recover her composure, Julia revolved in her mind the scene which had just occurred. She had just seen Antonio—every thing about him equalled her expectations—even at the distance, she had easily discerned the noble dignity of his manners—his eye gave assurance of his conscious worth—his very attitude was that of a gentleman. Not to know him for a man of birth, of education and of fortune, Julia felt to her would be impossible; and she trembled lest others, as discerning as herself, should discover

his disguise, and she in consequence be covered with confusion. She earnestly hoped his incoherence would ever remain unknown, for her delicacy shrunk from the publicity and notoriety which would then attend his attachment. It was certainly delightful to be loved, and so loved—to be attended, and so attended; but the heart of Julia was too unpractised to relish the laugh and observations of a malignant world. "No, my Antonio," she breathed internally, "hover around me, shield me from impending dangers, delight me with your presence, and enchant me with your eye; but claim me in the guise of a gentleman and a hero, that no envious tongue may probe the secrets of our love, nor any profane scoffer ridicule those sensitive pleasures that he is too unsentimental to enjoy."

With these, and similar thoughts, did Julia occupy herself, until Charles pointed out to her the majestic entrance to the Highlands. Our heroine, who was truly alive to all the charms of nature, gazed with rapture as the boat plunged between the mountains on either hand, and turned a wishful gaze down the river, in the vain hope that Antonio might, at the same moment, be enjoying the scene,—but the sluggish sloop was now far behind, and the eye of Antonio, bright as it was, could not pierce the distance. Julia felt rather relieved than otherwise, when the vessel which contained her hero was hid from view by a mountain that they doubled. Her feelings were much like those of a girl who had long anxiously waited the declaration of a favored youth, had received it, and acknowledged her own partiality. She felt all the assurance of her conquest, and would gladly, for a time, avoid the shame of her own acknowledgment. The passage up the Hudson furnishes in itself so much to charm the eye of a novice, that none, but one under the extraordinary circumstances of our heroine, could have beheld the beauties of the river unmoved. If Julia did not experience quite as much rapture in the journey as she had anticipated, she attributed it to the remarkably delicate situation she was in with her lover, and possibly to a dread of his being detected. An officer of his rank and reputation must be well known, thought she, and he may meet with acquaintances every where. However, by the attention of Charles, she passed the day with a very tolerable proportion of

pleasure. Their arrival at Albany was undistinguished by any remarkable event, though Julia looked in vain through the darkness of the night, in quest of the fertile meadows and desert islands which Anna had mentioned in her letters. Even the river seemed straight and uninteresting. But Julia was tired—it was night—and Antonio was absent.

The following morning Miss Emmerson and her niece, attended by Charles, took a walk to examine the beauties of Albany. It did not strike our heroine as being so picturesque as it had her friend; still it had novelty, and that lent it many charms it might have wanted on a more intimate acquaintance. Their forenoon, however, exhausted the beauties of this charming town, and they had returned to the inn, and the ladies were sitting in rather a listless state when Charles entered the room with a look of pleasure and cried, "he is here."

"Who!" exclaimed Julia, starting, and trembling like an aspen.

"He!—Tony," said Charles, in reply.

Julia was unable to say any more; but her aunt, without noticing her agitation, said mildly, "And who is Tony?"

"Why Anthony, the driver—he is here and wishes to see you."

"Show him up, Charles, and let us learn when he will be ready to go on."

This was an awful moment to Julia—she was on the eve of being confronted, in a room, for the first time, with the man on whom she felt her happiness or misery must depend. Although she knew the vast importance to her of her good looks at such a moment, she looked unusually ill—she was pale from apprehension, and awkward and ungraceful from her agitation. She would have given the world to have got out of the room, but this was impossible—there was but one door, and through that he must come. She had just concluded that it was better to remain in her chair than incur the risk of fainting in the passage, when he entered, preceded by Charles. His upper, and part of his lower lip, were clean shaved; a small part of one cheek and his nose were to be seen; all the rest of his face was covered with hair, or hid under the patch. An enormous colored handkerchief was tied, in a particular manner, round his neck, and his coat, made of plain materials, and somewhat tarnish-

ed with service, was buttoned as close to his throat as the handkerchief would allow. In short, his whole attire was that of a common driver of a hack carriage; and no one who had not previously received an intimation that his character was different from his appearance, would at all have suspected the deception.

"Your name is Anthony!" said Miss Emmerson, as he bowed to her with due deference.

"Yes, ma'am, Anthony—Tony Sandford," was the reply—it was uttered in a vulgar nasal tone, that Julia instantly perceived was counterfeited: but Miss Emmerson, with perfect innocence, proceeded in her inquiries

"Are your horses gentle and good, Tony?" adopting the familiar nomenclature that seemed most to his fancy.

"As gentle as e'er lady in the land," said Tony, turning his large black eye round the room, and letting it dwell a moment on the beautiful face of Julia—her heart throbbed with tumultuous emotion at the first sound of his voice, and she was highly amused at the ingenuity he had displayed, in paying a characteristic compliment to her gentleness in this clandestine manner: if he preserve his incognito so ingeniously he will never be detected, thought Julia, and all will be well.

"And the carriage," continued Miss Emmerson, "is it fit to carry us?"

"I can't say how fit it may be to carry such ladies as you be, but it is as good a carriage as runs out of York."

Here was another delicate compliment, thought Julia, and so artfully concealed under brutal indifference, that it nearly deceived even herself.

"When will you be ready to start?" asked Miss Emmerson.

"This moment," was the prompt reply—"we can easily reach Schenectady by sun-down."

Here Julia saw the decision and promptitude of a soldier used to marches and movements, besides an eager desire to remove her from the bustle of a large town and thoroughfare, to a retirement where she would be more particularly under his protection. Miss Emmerson, on the other hand, saw nothing but the anxiety of a careful hireling, willing to promote the interest of his master, who was to be paid for his convey-

ance by the job—so differently do sixty and sixteen judge the same actions! At all events, the offer was accepted, and the man ordered to secure the baggage, and prepare for their immediate departure.

"Why don't you help Antonio on with the baggage, Charles?" said Julia, as she stood looking at the driver tottering under the weight of the trunks. Charles stared a moment with surprise—the name created no astonishment, but the request did. Julia had a habit of softening names, that were rather harsh in themselves, to which he was accustomed. Peter she called Pierre; Robert was Rubert; and her aunt's black footman Timothy, she had designated as Timotheus: but it was not usual for ladies to request gentlemen to perform menial offices—until, recollecting that Julia had expressed unusual solicitude concerning a dressing-box that contained Anna's letter; he at once supposed it was to that she wished him to attend. Charles left the room and superintended the whole arrangements, when once enlisted. Julia now felt that every doubt of the identity of her lover with this coachman was removed. He had ingeniously adopted the name of Anthony, as resembling in sound the one she had herself given him in her letters. This he undoubtedly had learnt from Anna—and then Sandford was very much like Stanley—his patch, his dress, his air—everything about him united to confirm her impressions; and Julia, at the same time she resolved to conduct herself towards him in their journey with a proper feminine reserve, thought she could do no less to a man who submitted to so much to serve her, than to suffer him to perceive that she was not entirely insensible to the obligation.

Our heroine could not but admire the knowing manner with which Antonio took his seat on the carriage, and the dexterity he discovered in the management of his horses—this was an infallible evidence of his acquaintance with the animals, and a sure sign that he was the master of many, and had long been accustomed to their service. Perhaps, thought Julia, he has been an officer of cavalry.

In the constant excitement produced by her situation, Julia could not enter into all the feelings described by her friend, during the ride to Schenectady. Its beauties might be melancholy,

but could she be melancholy, and Antonio so near. The pines might be silvery and lofty, but the proud stature of majestic man, eclipsed in her eyes all their beauties. Not so Charles. He early began to lavish his abuse on the sterile grounds they passed, and gave any thing but encomiums on the smoothness of the road they were travelling. In the latter particular, even the quiet spirit of Miss Emerson joined him, and Julia herself was occasionally made sensible that she was not reposing on "a bed of roses."

"Do I drive too fast for the ladies?" asked Antonio, on hearing a slight complaint, and a faint scream in the soft voice of Julia. O, how considerate he is! thought our heroine—how tender!—without his care I should certainly have been killed in this place. It was expected that as she had complained, she would answer; and after a moment employed in rallying her senses for the undertaking, she replied in a voice of breathing melody—

"O! no, Antonio, you are very considerate."

For a world Julia could not have said more; and Miss Emerson thought that she had said quite as much as the occasion required; but Miss Emerson, it will be remembered, supposed their driver to be Anthony Sandford. The hero, himself, on hearing such a gentle voice so softly replying to his question, could not refrain from turning his face into the carriage, and Julia felt her own eyes lower before his earnest gaze, while her cheeks burned with the blushes that suffused them. But the look spoke volumes;—he understands my "Antonio," thought Julia, and perceives that, to me, he is no longer unknown. That expressive glance has opened between us a communication that will cease but with our lives. Julia now enjoyed, for the remainder of their journey to Mr. Miller's, one of the greatest pleasures of love—unsuspected by others, she could hold communion with him who had her heart, by the eyes, and a thousand tender and nameless little offices which give interest to affection, and zest to passion.

They had now got half way between the two cities, and Charles took a seat by the side of the driver, with the intention, as he expressed himself, of stretching his legs: the carriage was open and light, so that all the figures of the two young men could be seen by the ladies, as well as their conversation heard. Charles never appeared to less advantage in his person, thought



Julia, than now, seated by the side of the noble and manly Antonio. The figure of Charles was light, and by no means without grace; yet it did not strike the fancy of our heroine as so fit to shield and support her through life as the more robust person of his companion. Julia herself was, in form, the counterpart of her mind—she was light, airy, and beautifully softened in all her outlines. It was impossible to mistake her for anything but a lady, and one of the gentlest passions and sentiments. She felt her own weakness, and would repose it on the manly strength of Antonio.

"Which do you call the best of your horses?" asked Charles, as soon as he had got himself comfortably seated.

"The off—both are true as steel," was the laconic reply.

The comparison was new to Julia, and it evidently denoted a mind accustomed to the contemplation of arms.

"How long have you followed the business of a driver, Tony?" said Charles, in the careless manner of a gentleman, when he wishes to introduce familiarity with an inferior by seeming to take an interest in the other's affairs.

Julia, felt indignant at the freedom of his manner, and particularly at the epithet of "Tony"—yet her lover did not in the least regard either—or rather his manner exhibited no symptoms of displeasure;—he has made up his mind, thought Julia, to support his disguise, and it is best for us both that he should

"Ever since I was sixteen I have been used to horses," was the reply of Antonio to the question of Charles;—Julia smiled at the ambiguity of the answer, and was confirmed in her impression that he had left college at that age to serve in the cavalry.

"You must understand them well by this time," continued Charles, glancing his eye at his companion as if to judge of his years—"You must be forty;"—Julia fidgeted a little at this guess of Charles, but soon satisfied herself with the reflection that his disguise contributed to the error.

"My age is very deceiving," said the man—"I have seen great hardships in my time, both of body and mind."

Here Julia could scarcely breathe through anxiety. Every syllable that he uttered was devoured with eager curiosity by the enamored

girl—he knew that she was a listener, and that she understood his disguise; and doubtless meant, in that indirect manner, to acquaint her with the incidents of his life. It was clear that he indicated his age to be less than what his appearance would have led her to believe—his sufferings, his cruel sufferings, had changed him.

"The life of a coachman is not hard," said Charles.

"No, sir, far from it—but I have not been a coachman all my life."

Nothing could be plainer than this—it was a direct assertion of his degradation by the business in which he was then engaged.

"In what manner did you lose your eye, Toney," said Charles, in a tone of sympathy that Julia blessed him for in her heart, although she knew that the member was uninjured, and only hidden to favor his disguise. Antonio hesitated a little in his answer, and stammered while giving it;—"It was in the wars," at length he got out, and Julia admired the noble magnanimity which would not allow him, even in imagination, to suffer in a less glorious manner;—notwithstanding his eye is safe and as beautiful as the other, he has suffered in the wars, thought our heroine, and it is pardonable in him to use the deception, situated as he is—it is nothing more than an equivocal. But this was touching Charles on a favorite chord. Little of a hero as Julia fancied him to be, he delighted in conversing about the war with those men, who, having acted in subordinate stations, would give a different view of the subject from the official accounts, in which he was deeply read. It was no wonder, therefore, that he eagerly seized on the present opportunity to relieve the tedium of a ride between Albany and Schenectady.

"In what battle," asked Charles, quickly; "by sea or by land?"

"By sea," said Antonio, speaking to his horses, with an evident unwillingness to say any more on the subject.

Ah! the deception, and the idea of his friend Lawrence, are too much for his sensibility, thought Julia; and to relieve him she addressed Charles herself.

"How far are we from Schenectady, cousin Charles?"

Antonio, certainly, was not her cousin Charles,

but as if he thought the answering such questions to be his peculiar province, he replied immediately—

"Four miles, ma'am; there's the stone."

There was nothing in the answer itself, or the manner of its delivery, to attract notice in any unsuspecting listener; but by Julia it was well understood—it was the first time he had ever spoken directly to herself—it was a new era in their lives—and his body turned half round towards her as he spoke, showed his manly form to great advantage; but the impressive and dignified manner in which he dropped his whip towards the mile-stone, Julia felt that she should never forget—it was intended to mark the spot where he first addressed her. He had chosen it with taste. The stone stood under the shade of a solitary oak, and might easily be fancied to be a monument erected to commemorate some important event in the lives of our lovers. Julia ran over in her mind the time when she should pay an annual visit to that hallowed place, and leaning on the arm of her majestic husband, murmur in his ear, "Here, on this loved spot, did Antonio first address his happy, thrice happy Julia."

"Well, Tony," said the mild voice of Miss Emmerson, "the sun is near setting, let us go the four miles as fast as you please."

"I'm sure ma'am," said Antonio, with profound respect, "you don't want to get in more than I do, for I had no sleep all last night, I'll not keep you one minute after night,"—so saying, he urged his horses to a fast trot, and was quite as good as his word.

How delicate in his attentions, and yet how artfully has he concealed his anxiety on my account, under a feigned desire for sleep, thought Julia.

If any thing had been wanting either to convince Julia of the truth of her conjecture, or to secure the conquest of Antonio, our heroine felt that this short ride had abundantly supplied it.

## CHAPTER VI.

The following day our travellers were on the road before the sun, and busily pursued their route through the delightful valley of the Mohawk. It was now that Julia, in some measure accustomed to her proximity to her hero, began

to enjoy the beauties of the scenery; her eyes dwelt with rapture on each opening glimpse that they caught of the river, and took in its gaze, meadows of never failing verdure, which were beautifully interspersed with elms that seemed coeval with the country itself. Occasionally she would draw the attention of her aunt to some view of particular interest; and if her eager voice caught the attention of Antonio, and he turned to gaze, to ponder, and to admire,—then Julia felt happy indeed, for then it was that she felt the indescribable bliss of sharing our pleasures with those we love. What heart of sensibility has stood and coldly gazed on a scene over which the eye, that it loves to admire, is roving with delight? Who is there that has yet to learn, that if the strongest bond to love is propinquity, so its tenderest tie, is sympathy? In this manner did our heroine pass a day of hitherto untasted bliss. Antonio would frequently stop his horses on the summit of the hill, and Julia understood the motive; turning her looks in the direction in which she saw the eye of her lover bent, she would sit in silent and secret communion with his feelings. In vain Charles endeavored to catch her attention—his remarks were unnoticed, and his simple efforts to please disregarded. At length, as they advanced towards the close of their day's ride, Charles, observing a mountain obtruding itself directly across their path, and meeting the river, which swept with great velocity around its base, cried aloud with a laugh—

"Anthony, I wish you would remove your nose!"

"Charles!" exclaimed Julia, shocked at his familiarity with a man of Antonio's elevated character.

"Poh!" said the young man in an under tone, conceiving her surprise to be occasioned by his lowering himself to joke with an inferior, "he is a good honest fellow, and don't mind a joke at all, I assure you."

Charles was right, for Antonio, moving his face, with a laugh cried in his turn—"There, sir, my nose is moved, but you can't see no better, after all."

Julia was amused with his condescension, which she thought augured perfect good nature and affability.

After all, thought Julia, if noble and com-

manding qualities are necessary to excite admiration or to command respect, familiar virtues induce us to love more tenderly, and good temper is absolutely necessary to contribute to our comfort. On the whole, she was rather pleased than otherwise, that Antonio could receive and return what was evidently intended for a witticism, although as yet she did not comprehend it.

But Charles did not leave her long in doubt. On the north side of the Mohawk, and at about fifty miles from its mouth, is a mountain, which, as we have already said, juts, in a nearly perpendicular promontory, into the bed of the river; its inclination is sufficient to admit of its receiving the name of a nose. Without the least intention of alluding to our hero, the early settlers had affixed the name of St. Anthony, who appears to have been a kind of Dutch deity in this state, and to have monopolized all the natural noses within her boundaries to himself. The vulgar idiom made the pronunciation Anthony's nose—and all this Charles briefly explained to Miss Emmerson and her niece, by way of giving point to his own wit. He had hardly made them comprehend the full brilliancy and beauty of his application of the mountain to their driver, when they reached the pass itself. The road was barely sufficient to suffer two carriages to move by each other without touching, being from necessity dug out of the base of the mountain; a precipice of many feet led to the river, which was high and turbulent at the time; there was no railing nor any protection on the side next the water—and in endeavoring to avoid the unprotected side of the road, two wagons had met a short time before, and one of them lost a wheel in the encounter—its owner had gone to a distance for assistance, leaving the vehicle where it had fallen. The horses of Antonio, unaccustomed to such a sight, were with some difficulty driven by the loaded wagon, and when nearly past the object, took a sudden fright at its top, which was flapping in the wind. All the skill and exertions of Antonio to prevent their backing was useless, and carriage and horses would inevitably have gone off the bank together, had not Charles, with admirable presence of mind, opened a door, and springing out, placed a billet of wood, which had been used as a base for a lever in lifting the broken wagon, under one of the wheels. This

checked the horses until Antonio had time to rally them, and, by using the whip with energy, bring them into the road again. He certainly showed great dexterity as a coachman. But, unhappily, the movement of Charles had been misunderstood by Julia, and, throwing open the door, with the blindness of fear, she sprang from the carriage also; it was on the side next the water, and her first leap was over the bank; the hill was not perpendicular, but too steep for Julia to recover her balance—and partly running, and partly falling, the unfortunate girl was plunged into the rapid river. Charles heard the screams of Miss Emmerson, and caught a glimpse of the dress of Julia as she sprang from the carriage. He ran to the bank just in time to see her fall into the water.

"O, God!" he cried, "Julia!—my Julia!"—and without seeming to touch the earth, he flew down the bank, and threw himself headlong into the stream. His great exertions and nervous arms soon brought him alongside of Julia, and, happily for them both, an eddy in the water drew them to the land. With some difficulty Charles was enabled to reach the shore with his burden.

Julia was not insensible, nor in the least injured. Her aunt was soon by her side, and folding her in her arms, poured out her feelings in a torrent of tears. Charles would not, however, suffer any delay, or expressions of gratitude, but, forcing both aunt and niece into the carriage, bid Antonio drive rapidly to a tavern, known to be at no great distance.

On their arrival, both Julia and Charles immediately clad themselves in dry clothes—when Miss Emmerson commanded the presence of the young man in her own room. On entering, Charles found Julia sitting by the fire, a thousand times handsomer, if possible, than ever.—Her eyes were beaming with gratitude, and her countenance was glowing with the excitement produced by the danger that she had encountered.

"Ah! Charles, my dear cousin," cried Julia, rising and meeting him with both hands extended, "I owe my life to your bravery and presence of mind."

"And mine too, Charles," said Miss Emmerson; "but for you, we should have all gone off the hill together."

"Yes, if Anthony had not managed the horses admirably, you might have gone indeed," said Charles, with a modest wish to get rid of their praise. But this was an unlucky speech for Charles; he had, unconsciously presented the image of a rival, at the moment that he hoped he filled all the thoughts of Julia.

"Ah, Antonio!" she cried, "poor Antonio!—and where is he? Why do you not send for him, dear aunt?"

"What, my love, into my bed-chamber!" said Miss Emmerson, in surprise; fear has made the girl crazy! But Charles, "where is Anthony?"

"In the stable, with the horses, I believe," said the youth—"no, here he is, under the window, leading them to the pump."

"Give him this money," said Miss Emmerson, "and tell him it is for his admirable skill in saving my life."

Julia saw the danger of an exposure if she interfered, yet she had the curiosity to go to the window, and see how Antonio would conduct in this mortifying dilemma.

"Here, Antony," said Charles, "Miss Emmerson has sent you ten dollars, for driving so well, and saving the carriage."

"Ah! sir, it's no matter—I can ask nothing for that, I'm sure."

But Charles, accustomed to the backwardness of the common Americans to receive more than the price stipulated, still extended his hand towards the man. Julia saw his embarrassment, and knowing of no other expedient by which to relieve him, said, in a voice of persuasion—

"Take it for my sake, Antonio, if it be unworthy of you, still, take it, to oblige me."

The man no longer hesitated, but took the money, and gave Julia a look and a bow that sunk deep into the tablet of her memory—while Charles thought him extremely well paid for what he had done, but made due allowances for the excited state of his cousin's feelings.

"You perceive," said Miss Emmerson, with a smile, as Julia withdrew from the window, "if Charles be a little afraid of lightning, he has no dread of water."

"Ah! I retract my error," cried Julia; "Charles must be brave, or he never could have acted so coolly, and so well."

"Very true, my love," said Miss Emmerson, excessively gratified to hear her niece praise the youth; "it is the surest test of courage when

men behave with presence of mind in novel situations. Those accustomed to particular dangers easily discharge their duties, because they know, as it were instinctively, what is to be done. Thus Tony—he did well, but, I doubt not, he was horribly frightened—and for the world he could not have done what Charles did."

"Not Antonio!" echoed Julia, thrown a little off her guard—"I would pledge my life, aunt, that Antonio would have done as much, if not more than Charles!"

"Why did he not, then? It was his place to stop the carriage—why did he not?"

"It was his place," said Julia, "to manage the horses, and you acknowledge that he did it well. Duties incurred, no matter how unworthy of us, must be discharged; and although we may be conscious that our merit or our birth entitles us to a different station from the one we fill, yet a noble mind will not cease to perform its duty, even in poverty and disgrace."

Miss Emmerson listened in surprise; but as her niece often talked in a manner she did not comprehend, she attributed it to the improvements in education, and was satisfied. But Julia had furnished herself with a clue to what had occasioned her some uneasiness. At one time she thought Antonio had ought to have left the carriage, horses, every thing, and flown to her rescue, as Charles had done; but now she saw that the probity of his soul forbade it. He had doubtless, by secret means, induced the owner of the horses to intrust them to his keeping—and could he, a soldier, one used to trust and responsibility, forget his duty in the moment of need? Sooner would the sentinel quit his post unrelieved—sooner the gallant soldier turn his back on the enemy—or sooner would Antonio forget his Julia!

With this view of the propriety of his conduct, Julia was filled with the desire to let him know that she approved of what he had done. Surely, if any thing can be mortifying to a lover, thought our heroine, it must be to see a rival save his mistress, while imperious duty chains him to another task.

Young as Julia was, she had already learnt that it is not enough for our happiness that we have the consciousness of doing right, but it is necessary that others should think we have done so too. Accordingly, early the following

morning she arose, and wandered around the house, in hopes that chance would throw her lover in her way, and give her an opportunity of relieving his mind from the load of mortification under which she knew he must be laboring. It was seldom that our heroine had been in the public bar-room of a tavern—but, in gliding by the door, she caught a glimpse of Antonio in the bar; and, impelled by her feelings, she was near him before she had time to collect her scattered senses. To be with Antonio, and alone, Julia felt was dangerous; for his passion might bring on a declaration, and betray them both to the public and vulgar notice.—Anxious, therefore, to effect her object at once, she gently laid her hand on his arm—Antonio started and turned, while the glass in his hands fell, with its contents untasted, on the floor.

"Rest easy, Antonio," said Julia, in the gentlest possible tones; "to me your conduct is satisfactory, and your secret will never be exposed." So saying, she turned quickly, and glided from the room.

"As I hope to be saved," said Antonio, "I meant nothing wrong—but should have paid the landlord the moment he came in"—but Julia heard him not. Her errand was happily executed, and she was already by the side of her aunt. On entering the carriage, Julia noticed the eye of Antonio fixed on her with peculiar meaning, and she felt that her conduct had been appreciated.

From this time until the day of their arrival at the house of Mr Miller, nothing material occurred. Antonio rose every hour in the estimation of Julia, and the young lady noticed a marked difference in her lover's conduct towards her.

A few miles before they reached the dwelling, Miss Emmerson observed—

"To-morrow will be the twentieth of September; when I am to know who will be my companion for the winter, Miss Miller or Katherine."

"Ah! aunt, you may know that now, if I am to decide," said Julia, "It will be Anna, my Anna, surely."

Her manner was enthusiastic, and her voice a little louder than usual. Antonio turned his head, and their eyes met. Julia read in that glance the approbation of her generous friend-

ship. Miss Emmerson was a good deal hurt at this decision of her niece, who, she thought, knowing her sentiments, would be induced to have been satisfied with the visit to Anna, and taken Katherine for the winter. It was with reluctance that the aunt abandoned this wish, and, after a pause, she continued—

"Remember, Julia, that you have not my permission to ask your friend, until the twentieth—we can stay but one night at Mr. Miller's; but if Anna is to spend the winter in Park Place, we will return this way from the Falls, and take her with us to the city."

"Thank you, dear aunt," cried Julia, kissing her with an affection that almost reconciled Miss Emmerson to the choice—while Charles Weston whistled "Hail, Columbia! happy land!"

Julia saw that Antonio pitied her impatience—for the moment he arrived in sight of Mr. Miller's house, he put his horses to their speed, and dashed into the court yard in the space of a few minutes. For a little while all was confusion and joy. Anna seemed delighted to see her friend, and Julia was in raptures—they flew into each other's arms—and if their parting embrace was embalmed in tears, their meeting was enlivened with smiles. With arms interlocked, they went about the house, the very pictures of joy. Even Antonio, at the moment, was forgotten, and all devoted to friendship. Nay, as if sensible of the impropriety of his appearance at that critical instant, he withdrew himself from observation—and his delicacy was not lost on Julia. Happy are they who can act in consonance with their own delicate sentiments, and rest satisfied that their motives are understood by those whom it is their greatest desire to please! Such, too fortunate Antonio, was thy lot—for no emotion of thy sensitive mind, no act of thy scrupulously honorable life, passed unheeded by thy Julia!—so thought the maiden.

It has already been mentioned that the family of Mr. Miller was large; and amid the tumult and confusion of their guests, no opportunity was afforded the friends for conversation in private. The evening passed swiftly, and the hour for bed arrived without any other communication between Julia and Anna than whisperings and pressures of the hands, together with a thousand glances of peculiar meaning with the



eyes. But Julia did not regret this so much as if Antonio had been unknown—she had been in his company for four days, and knew, or thought she knew, already, as much of his history as Anna herself. But one thought distressed her, and that was, that his residence might be far from the house of her aunt. The reflection gave the tender-hearted girl real pain, and her principal wish to converse with Anna in private was, to ascertain her future lot on this distressing point. No opportunity, however, offered that night, and Julia saw that in the morning her time would be limited, for Miss Emerson desired Mr. Miller to order her carriage to be in readiness to start as soon as they had breakfasted.

"When, dear aunt, am I to give Anna the invitation," said Julia, when they were left alone, "if you start so early in the morning?"

"The proper time will be, my child, immediately before we get into the carriage," said Miss Emerson, with a sigh of regret at the determination of her niece; "it will then be more pointed, and call for an immediate answer."

This satisfied Julia, who knew that it would be accepted by her friend, and she soon fell asleep, to dream a little of Anna, and a great deal of Antonio.

The following morning Julia arose with the sun, and her first employment was to seek her friend. Anna had also risen, and was waiting impatiently for the other's appearance, in the vacant parlor.

"Ah! dear Julia," said she, catching her arm, and dragging her to a window, "I thought you would never come. Well, are we to spend the winter together? Have you spoken to your dear, dear aunt about it?"

"You shall know in good time, my Anna," said Julia, mindful of the wishes of her aunt, and speaking with a smile that gave Anna an assurance of success.

"O! what a delightful winter we will have!" cried Anna, in rapture.

"I am tongue-tied, at present," said Julia, laughing; "but not on every subject," she continued, blushing to the eyes; "do tell me of St. Albans—of Regulus—who is he?"

"Who is he?" echoed Anna—"why, nobody! one must have something to write about, you know, to a friend." Julia felt sick and faint—her color left her cheeks as she forced a smile,

and uttered, in a low voice, "but Antonio—Stanley?"

"A man of straw," cried Anna, with unfeeling levity; "no such creature in the world, I assure you!" Julia made a mighty effort to conquer her emotions, and wildly seizing Anna by the arm, she pointed to her aunt's coachman, who was at work on his carriage at no great distance, and uttered "For God's sake, who is he?"

"He!" cried Anna, in surprise, "why, your driver—and an ugly wretch he is!—don't you know your own driver, yet?"

Julia burst from her treacherous friend—rushed into the room of her aunt, and throwing herself into the arms of Miss Emerson, wept for an hour as if her heart would break. Miss Emerson saw that something hurt her feelings excessively, and that it was something she would not reveal. Believing that it was a quarrel with her friend, and hoping at all events that it would interrupt their intercourse, Miss Emerson, instead of trying to discover her niece's secret, employed herself in persuading her to appear before the family with composure, and to take leave of them with decency and respect. In this she succeeded, and the happy moment arrived. Anna in vain pressed near her friend to receive the invitation—and her mother more than once hinted at the thousand pities it was to separate two that loved one another so fondly. No invitation was given—and although Anna spent half a day in searching for a letter, that she insisted must be left in some romantic place, none was ever found, nor did any ever arrive.

While resting with her foot on the step of the carriage, about to enter it, Julia, whose looks were depressed from shame, saw a fluid that was discolored with tobacco, fall on her shoe and soil her stocking. Raising her eyes with disgust, she perceived that the wind had wafted it from the mouth of Antonio, as he held open the door—and the same blast throwing aside his screen of silk, discovered a face that was deformed with disease, and wanting of an eye!

Our travellers returned to the city by the way of Montreal and Lake Champlain; nor was it until Julia had been the happy wife of Charles Weston for more than a year, that she could summon resolution to own that she had once been in love, like thousands of her sex, with a "man of straw."

## THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

[Contributed to the Boston Notion.]

BY ISAAC F. SHEPARD, AUTHOR OF "PEBBLES FROM CASTALIA."

'Twas Autumn. Beauty dwelt upon the earth,  
 With such a garb as she doth love to wear  
 When summer days have waned, and the loved hearth  
 Lendeth its warmth to fond groups gathered there  
 At evening and at morn, and the cold breath  
 Of the hoar-frost among the forest boughs  
 Will move, leaving its stealthy kiss of death,  
 Like time upon an old man's hoary brows.

The lofty maple wore a diadem  
 Of gold; its foliage seemed a drapery  
 Of emerald hue, inwrought with many a gem,  
 As it did wave its giant arms and free,  
 Against the sapphire sky: a golden sheen  
 Upon the tall elms dwelt, and the ripe grain  
 O'er many a field, and garnered fruits were seen,  
 And harvest songs were echoing from each plain.

There is a spirit breathing in the gale  
 That lifts the frost-seared leaf, in unison  
 With voices of the soul; and the low wail  
 Of struggling winds, when Autumn's swift sands run,  
 Will wake vibrations there, whose solemn swell  
 Shall linger on the inward ear for aye,  
 And bid man note earth's change, and mark it well;  
 For like the leaf, he too shall pass away.

I love these solemn teachings, and I rove  
 Oft-times alone, in the dark forest wild,  
 To lay me down beneath some hidden grove,  
 And list to Nature's language, as her child:  
 I love her lessons! Garnered are they all  
 "In Memory's store, nor can I o'er forget  
 The spell that bound me with its holy thrall,  
 Ere youth with manhood's sterner cares had met.

And I do well remember when my way,  
 Was by a babbling brook, whose dashing wave  
 Did drink the beauties of the dying day.  
 I sat me down to rest; a fresh-made grave  
 Was on the wavelet's bank, and o'er it bowed  
 Two gentle beings, and sad tears they wept,  
 But yet their grief was chastened and unloud,—  
 The only one who loved them, dreamless slept.

The elder was a boy—a noble one,  
 Whose very form a princely soul revealed,  
 And well his mother prized her duteous son:  
 The younger was a girl;—a bud unsealed;  
 And beauty crowned her as a bride is crowned:  
 And when they two did range the summer woods  
 The half-charmed warblers ceased their music's sound,  
 As they were guardians of the solitudes.

They lingered by till twilight bade them go;  
 Then kneeling down, he said a parting prayer;  
 Nor dropped one word that told repining woe:  
 They kissed the grave, then left the slumberer there:  
 He with a steady pace and heavenward eye,  
 But she did bow her head upon his breast  
 O'ercome by grief; as when the wave beats high,  
 The folded lily hides beneath its crest.

My heart was moved by this sad, tearful scene,  
 And when their footsteps died away, I went  
 And stood beside the grave; the grass was green  
 Upon the broken sods; a monument  
 Had just been reared, a simple, lettered stone,  
 But not of Eulogy or filial praise;  
 Two simple words were chiselled there alone,  
 Two holy words,—MY MOTHER,—met my gaze!

I know not why, but I did bow and weep  
 Where I had seen these lovely orphans bend;  
 I knew my own dear mother did not sleep  
 In death's drear vault; her prayer would blend  
 With morning zephyr and with evening's breeze,  
 For me an absent son; my father's voice  
 Would rise, with brothers, sisters, round; and these  
 Should banish tears and bid the heart rejoice.

But yet full, gushing fountains there did fall,  
 And the strong sigh my inmost soul did heave;  
 And o'er the grave my lips on Heaven did call,  
 Ere the lone spot my lingering steps would leave:  
 And many a time, at midnight, when I lie  
 Upon my sleepless couch, that grave I see,  
 And those two lovely orphans lingering by,  
 Tracing their mother's name all silently.

## "THE POACHER."

BY CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE SINS OF THE FATHER ARE VISITED ON THE CHILD.

Jane had remained in a state of great anxiety during her husband's absence, watching and listening to every sound; every five minutes raising the latch of the door, and looking out hoping to see him return. As the time went on, her alarm increased; she laid her head down on the table and wept; she could find no consolation, no alleviation of her anxiety; she dropped down on her knees and prayed.

She was still appealing to the Most High, when a blow on the door announced her husband's return. There was a sullen gloom over his countenance as he entered; he threw his gun carelessly on one side, so that it fell, and rattled against the paved floor; and this one act was to her ominous of evil. He sat down without speaking; falling back in the chair, and lifting his eyes up to the rafters above, he appeared to be in deep thought, and unconscious of her presence.

'What has happened?' inquired his wife, trembling, as she laid her hand on his shoulder.

'Don't speak to me now,' was the reply.

'Joey,' said the frightened woman in a whisper, 'what has he done?'

Joey answered not, but raised his hand, red with the blood which was now dried upon it.

Jane uttered a faint cry, dropped on her knees, and covered her face, while Joey walked into the back kitchen, and busied himself in removing the traces of the dark deed.

A quarter of an hour had elapsed—Joey had returned, and taken his seat upon his low stool, and not a word had been exchanged.

There certainly is a foretaste of the future punishment which awaits crime; for how dreadful were the feelings of those who were now sitting down in the cottage. Rushbrook was evidently stupefied from excess of feeling; first, the strong excitement which had urged him to the deed; and now from the re-action, the prostration of mental power which had succeeded it. Jane dreaded the present and the future—which ever way she turned her eyes the gibbet was before her—the clanking of chains in her ears; in her vision of the future, scorn, misery, and remorse—she felt only for her husband. Joey, poor boy, he felt for both. Even the dog showed, as he looked up into Joey's face, that he was aware that a foul deed had been done. The silence which it appeared none would venture to break, was at last dissolved by the clock of the

village church solemnly striking two. They all started up—it was a warning—it reminded them of the bell tolling for the dead—of time and of eternity; but time present quickly effaced for the moment other ideas; yes, it was time to act; in four hours more it would be daylight, and the blood of the murdered man would appeal to his fellow-men for vengeance. The sun would light them to the deed of darkness—the body would be brought home—the magistrates would assemble—and who would be the party suspected?

'Merciful Heaven!' exclaimed Jane, 'what can be done?'

'There is no proof,' muttered Rushbrook.

'Yes, there is,' observed Joey, 'I left my bag there, when I stooped down to—'

'Silence!' cried Rushbrook. 'Yes,' continued he, bitterly to his wife, 'this is your doing, you must send the boy after me, and now there will be evidence against me; I shall owe my death to you.'

'O say not so! say not so!' replied Jane, falling down on her knees and weeping bitterly, as she buried her face in her lap; 'but there is yet time,' cried she, starting up, 'Joey can go and fetch the bag. You will, Joey: won't you dear; you are not afraid—you are innocent.'

'Better leave it where it is, mother,' replied Joey, calmly.

Rushbrook looked up at his son with surprise, Jane caught him by the arm; she felt convinced the boy had some reason for what he said—probably some plan that would ward off suspicion—yet how could that be, it was evidence against them, and after looking earnestly at the boy's face, she dropped his arm. 'Why so, Joey?' said she, with apparent calmness.

'Because,' replied Joey, 'I have been thinking about it all this time; I am innocent, and therefore I do not mind if they suppose me guilty.—The bag is known to be mine—the gun I must throw down in a ditch, two fields off. You must give me some money, if you have any; if not, I must go without it; but there is no time to be lost; I must be off and away from here in ten minutes; to-morrow ask every one if they have seen or heard of me, because I have left the house some time during the night. I shall have a good start before that; besides, they may not find the pedlar for a day or two, perhaps; at all events, not till some time after I am gone; and then you see, mother, the bag which is found by him, and the gun in the ditch, will make them think it is me who killed him; but they will not be able to make out whether I killed him by accident, and run away from fear, or whether I did it on purpose.—So now, mother, that's my plan, for it will save father.'

'And I shall never see you again, my child!' replied his mother.

'That's as may be. You may go away from here after a time, mother, when the thing has blown over. Come, mother, there is no time to lose.'

'Rushbrook, what say you—what think you?' said Jane to her husband.

'Why, Jane, at all events, the boy must leave us; for, you see, I told Byres, and I've no doubt but he told the keeper, if he met him, that I should bring Joey with me. I did it to deceive him; and, as sure as I sit here, they will have that boy up as evidence against his father.'

'To be sure they will,' cried Joey; 'and what could I do, I dare not—I don't think I could—tell a lie; and yet I would not peach upon father, neither. What can I do but be out of the way?'

'That's the truth—away with you then, my boy, and take a father's blessing with you—a guilty father's, it is true; God forgive me. Jane give him all the money you have; lose not a moment, quick, woman, quick.' And Rushbrook appeared to be in agony.

Jane hastened to the cupboard, opened a small box, and poured the contents into the hand of Joey.

'Farewell, my boy,' said Rushbrook, 'your father thanks you.'

'Heaven preserve you, my child,' cried Jane, embracing him, as the tears rained down her cheeks. 'You will write—no! you must not—mercy! mercy! I shall never see him again!' and the mother fainted on the floor.

The tears rose in our hero's eyes as he beheld the condition of his poor mother. Once more he grasped his father's hand, and then, catching up the gun, he went out at the back door, and driving back the dog, who would have followed him, made over the fields as fast as his legs could carry him.

## CHAPTER VI.

### 'THE WORLD BEFORE HIM, WHERE TO CHOOSE.'

We have no doubt but many of our readers have occasionally, when on a journey, come to where the road divides into two, forking out in different directions, and, the road being new to them, have not known which of the two branches they ought to take. This happens, as it often does in a novel, to be our case just now. Shall we follow little Joey, or his father and mother—that is the question. We believe when a road does thus divide, the widest of the two branches is generally selected, as being supposed to be the continuation of the high road: we shall ourselves act upon that principle; and, as the hero of the tale is of more consequence than characters accessory, we shall follow up the fortunes of little Joey. As soon as our hero had deposited the gun, so that it might be easily discovered by any one passing by, he darted into the high road, and went off with all the speed that he was capable of; and it was not yet light

when he found himself at least ten miles from his native village. As the day dawned, he quitted the high road, and took to the fields, keeping a parallel course, so as to still increase his distance; it was not until he had made fifteen miles that, finding himself exhausted, he sat down to recover himself.

From the time that he had left the cottage until the present, Joey had but one overwhelming idea in his head, which was, to escape from pursuit, and by his absence to save his father from suspicion; but now that he had effected that purpose, and was in a state of quiescence, other thoughts rushed upon his mind. First, the scenes of the last few hours presented themselves in rapid array before him—he thought of the dead man, and he looked at his hand to ascertain if the bloody marks had been effaced; and then he thought of his poor mother's state when he quitted the cottage, and the remembrance made him weep bitterly; his own position came next upon him—a boy, twelve years of age, adrift upon the world—how was he to live—what was he to do? This reminded him that his mother had given him money; he put his hand into his pocket and pulled it out, to ascertain what he possessed. He had £1 16s., to him a large sum, and it was all in silver. As he became more composed, he begun to reflect upon what he had better do; where should he go to? London. It was a long way, he knew, but the farther he was away from home, the better. Besides, he had heard much of London, and that every one got employment there. Joey resolved that he would go to London; he knew that he had taken the right road so far, and having made up his mind, he rose up and proceeded.—He knew that, if possible, he must not allow himself to be seen on the road for a day or two, and he was puzzled how he was to get food, which he already felt would be very acceptable; and then, what account was he to give of himself, if questioned? Such were the cogitations of our little hero, as he wended his way, till he came to a river, which was too deep and rapid for him to attempt to ford—he was obliged to return to the high road to cross the bridge. He looked around him before he climbed over the low stone wall, and perceiving nobody, he jumped on the footpath, and proceeded to the bridge, where he suddenly faced an old woman with a basket of brown cakes, something like gingerbread. Taken by surprise, and hardly knowing what to say, he inquired if a cart had passed that way?

'Yes, child, but it must be a good mile ahead of you,' said the old woman, 'and you must walk fast to overtake it.'

'I have had no breakfast yet, and I am hungry; do you sell your cakes?'

'Yes, child, what else do I make them for? three a penny, and cheap too.'

Joey felt in his pocket until he had selected a sixpence, and pulling it out, desired the old woman to give him cakes for it, and taking the pile in his hand he set off as fast as he could.—As soon as he was out of sight he again made his way into the fields, and breakfasted upon

half his store. He then continued his journey until nearly one o'clock, when, tired out with his exertions, as soon as he had finished the remainder of his cakes, he laid down under a rick of corn and fell fast asleep, having made twenty miles since he started. In his hurry to escape pursuit, and the many thoughts which occupied his brain, Joey had made no observation on the weather; if he had, he probably would have looked after some more secure shelter than the lee-side of a haystack. He slept soundly, and he had not been asleep more than an hour, when the wind changed, and the snow fell fast; nevertheless, Joey slept on, and probably never would have awakened more, had it not been that a shepherd and his dog were returning home in the evening, and happened to pass close to the haystack. By this time Joey had been covered with a layer of snow, half an inch deep, and had it not been for the dog, who went up to where he laid, and commenced pawing the snow off him, he would have been passed by undiscovered by the shepherd, who, after some trouble, succeeded in rousing our hero from his torpor, and half dragging, half lifting him, contrived to lead him across one or two fields, until they arrived at a blacksmith's shop, in a small village, before Joey could have been said to have recovered his scattered senses. Two hours more sleep, and there would have been no further history to give of our little hero.

He was dragged to the forge, the fire of which glowed under the force of the bellows, and by degrees, as the warmth reached him, he was restored to self-possession. To the inquiries made as to who he was, and from where he came, he now answered as he had before arranged in his mind. His father and mother were a long way before him; he was going to London, but having been tired he had fallen asleep under the haystack, and he was afraid that if he went not on to London directly, he never might find his father or mother again.

'O, then,' replied the shepherd, 'they have gone on before, have they? Well, you'll catch them, no doubt.'

The blacksmith's wife, who had been a party to what was going on, now brought up a little warm ale, which quite re-established Joey; and at the same time a wagon drove up to the door, and stopped at the blacksmith's shop.

'I must have a shoe tacked on the old mare, my friend,' said the driver. 'You won't be long?'

'Not five minutes,' replied the smith. 'You're going to London?'

'Yes, sure.'

'Here's a poor boy that has been left behind by his father and mother somehow—you would not mind giving him a lift?'

'Well, I don't know; I suppose I must be paid for it in the world to come.'

'And good pay too, if you earn it,' observed the blacksmith.

'Well, it won't make much difference to my eight horses, I expect,' said the driver, looking at Joey; 'so come along, youngster; you may perch yourself on top of the straw, above the goods.'

'First come in with me, child,' said the wife of the blacksmith; 'you must have some good victuals to take with you—so, while you shoe the horse, John, I'll see to the boy.'

The woman put before Joey a dish in which were the remains of more than one small joint, and our hero commenced his attack without delay.

'Have you any money, child?' inquired the woman.

Joey, who thought that she might expect payment, replied, 'Yes, ma'am, I've got a shilling,' and he pulled one out of his pocket and laid it on the table.

'Bless the child! what do you take me for, to think that I would touch your money? you are a long way from London yet, although you have got such a chance to get there. Do you know where to go to when you get there?'

'Yes, ma'am,' replied Joey, 'I shall get work in the stables, I believe.'

'Well, I dare say that you will; but in the mean time you had better save your shilling—so we'll find something to put this meat and bread up for your journey. Are you quite warm now?'

'Yes, thank'ee, ma'am.'

Joey, who had ceased eating, had another warm at the fire, and in a few minutes, having bade adieu, and given his thanks to the humane people, he was buried in the straw below the tilt of the wagon, with his provisions deposited beside him, and the wagon went on its slow and steady pace to the tune of its own jingling bells. Joey, who had quite recovered from his chill, nestled among the straw, congratulating himself that he should now arrive safely in London without more questioning. And such was the case; in three days and three nights, without any further adventure, he found himself, although he was not aware of it, in Oxford-street, somewhat about eight or nine o'clock in the evening.

'Do you know your way now, boy?' said the carman.

'I can ask it,' replied Joey, 'as soon as I can go to the light and read the address. Good bye, and thank you,' continued he, glad at last to be clear of any more evasive replies.

The carman shook him by the hand as they passed the Boar and Castle, and bade him farewell, and our hero found himself alone in the vast metropolis.

What was he to do? He hardly knew—but one thought struck him, which was, that he must find a bed for the night. He wandered up and down Oxford-street for some time, but every one walked so quick that he was afraid to speak to them—at last a little girl, of seven or eight years of age, passed by him, and looked him earnestly in the face.

'Can you tell me where I can get a bed for the night?' said Joey.

'Have you any brads,' was the reply.

'What are those?' said Joey.

'Any money, to be sure; why, you're green—quite.'

'Yes, I have a shilling.'

'That will do—come along, and you shall sleep with me.'



Joey followed her very innocently, and very glad that he had been so fortunate. She led him to a street out of Tottenham court-yard, in which there were no lamps—the houses, however, were large, and many stories high.

'Take my hand,' said the girl, 'and mind how you tread.'

Guided by his new companion, Joey arrived at a door that was wide open; they entered, and assisted by the girl, he went up a dark staircase to the second story. She opened a room-door, when Joey found himself in company with about twenty other children, of about the same age, of both sexes. Here were several beds on the floor of the room, which was spacious. In the centre were huddled together on the floor, round a tallow candle, eight or ten of the inmates, two of them playing with a filthy pack of cards, while the others looked over them; others were lying down, or asleep on the several beds. 'This is my bed,' said the girl; 'if you are tired you can turn in at once. I shan't go to bed yet.'

Joey was tired and he went to bed; it was not very clean, but he had been used to worse lodgings lately. It need hardly be observed that Joey had got into very bad company, the whole of the inmates of the room consisted of juvenile thieves and pickpockets, who, in the course of time obtain promotion in their profession, until they are ultimately sent off to Botany Bay. Attempts have been made to check these nurseries of vice; but pseudo-philanthropists have resisted such barbarous innovation; and, upon the Mosaic principle, that you must not seethe the kid in the mother's milk, they are protected and allowed to arrive at full maturity, and beyond the chance of being reclaimed, until they are ripe for the penalties of the law.

Joey slept soundly, and when he awoke next morning found that his little friend was not with him. He dressed himself, and then made another discovery, which was, that every farthing of his money had been abstracted from his pockets. Of this unpleasant fact he ventured to complain to one or two boys, who were lying on other beds with their clothes on; they laughed at him, called him a green-horn, and made use of other language, which at once let Joey know the nature of the company with whom he had been passing the night. After some altercation three or four of them bundled him out of the room, and Joey found himself in the street without a farthing, and very much inclined to eat a good breakfast.

There is no portion of the world, small as it is in comparison with the whole, in which there is more to be found to eat and to drink, more comfortable lodgings, or accommodation and convenience of every kind as in the metropolis of England, provided you have the means to obtain it; but, notwithstanding this abundance, there is no place, probably, where you will find it more difficult to obtain a portion of it, if you happen to have an empty pocket.

Joey went into a shop here and there to ask for employment—he was turned away everywhere. He spent the first day in this manner, and at night, tired and hungry, he laid down

on the stone steps of a portico, and fell asleep. The next morning he awoke shivering with the cold, faint with hunger. He asked at the areas for something to eat, but no one would give him any thing. At the pump he obtained a drink of water—that was all he could obtain, for it cost nothing. Another day passed without food and the poor boy again sheltered himself for the night at a rich man's door in Berkley square.

## CHAPTER VII.

IF YOU WANT EMPLOYMENT, GO TO LONDON.

The exhausted lad awoke again, and pursued his useless task of appeals for food and employment. It was a bright day, and there was some little warmth to be collected by basking, in the rays of the sun, when our hero wended his way through St. James's Park, faint, hungry, and disconsolate. There were several people seated on the benches, and Joey, weak as he was, did not venture to go near them, but crawled along. At last, after wandering up and down, looking for pity in every body's face as they passed, and receiving none, he felt that he could not stand much longer, and emboldened by desperation, he approached a bench that was occupied by one person. At first he only rested on the arm of the bench, but, as the person sitting down appeared not to observe him, he timidly took a seat at the further end. The personage who occupied the other part of the bench, was a man dressed in a morning suit *a-la-militaire* and black stock. He had clean gloves and a small cane in his hand with which he was describing circles on the gravel before him, evidently in deep thought. In height he was full six feet, and his proportions combined strength with symmetry. His features were remarkably handsome, his dark hair had a natural curl, and his whiskers and mustachios (for he wore those military appendages) were evidently the objects of much attention and solicitude. We may as well here observe, that although so favored by nature, still there would have been considered something wanting in him by those who had been accustomed to move in the first circles, to make him the refined gentleman. His movements and carriage were not inelegant, but there was a certain *retinue* wanting. He bowed well, but it was not exactly the bow of a gentleman. The nursery maids as they passed by said, 'dear me what a handsome gentleman;' but had the remark been made by a higher class, it would have been qualified into 'what a handsome man.' His age was apparently about five-and-thirty—it might have been something more. After a short time he left off his mechanical amusements, and turning round, perceived little Joey at the farther end. Whether from the mere inclination to talk, or that he thought it presuming in our hero to seat himself upon the same bench, he said to him—

'I hope you are comfortable, my little man; but perhaps you've forgot your message.'

'I have no message, sir, for I know no one; and I am not comfortable, for I am starving,' replied Joey, in a tremulous voice.

'Are you in earnest now, when you say that, boy; or is it that you're humbugging me?'

Joey shook his head.

'I have eaten nothing since the day before yesterday morning, and I feel faint and sick,' replied he at last.

His new companion looked earnestly in our hero's face, and was satisfied that what he said was true.

'As I hope to be saved,' exclaimed he, 'its my opinion that a little bread and butter would not be a bad thing for you. Here,' continued he, putting his hand into his coat pocket, 'take these coppers, and go and get something into your little vitals.'

'Thank you, sir, thank you kindly. But I don't know where to go; I only came up to London two days ago.'

'Then follow me as fast as your little pins can carry you,' said the other. They had not far to go, for a man was standing close to Spring-garden-gate, with hot tea and bread and butter, and in a few moments Joey's hunger was considerably appeased.

'Do you feel better now, my little cock?'

'Yes, sir, thank you.'

'That's right, and now we'll go back to the bench, and then you shall tell me all about yourself, just to pass away the time. Now,' said he, as he took his seat, 'in the first place, who is your father, if you have any; and if you ha'n't any, what was he?'

'Father and mother are both alive, but they are a long way off. Father was a soldier, and he has a pension now.'

'A soldier! Do you know in what regiment?'

'Yes, it was in the 53rd, I think.'

'By the powers, my own regiment! And what is your name, then, and his?'

'Rushbrook,' replied Joey.

'My pivot man, by all that's holy. Now haven't you nicely dropped on your feet?'

'I don't know, sir,' replied our hero.

'But I do; your father was the best fellow I had in my company—the best forager, and al-

ways took care of his officer, as a good man should do. If there was a turkey, or a goose, or a duck, or a fowl, or a pig within ten miles of us, he would have it: he was the boy for poaching. And now tell me, (and mind you tell the truth when you meet with a friend) what made you leave your father and mother?'

'I was afraid of being taken up—' and here Joey stopped, for he hardly knew what to say; trust his new acquaintance with his father's secret he dare not; neither did he like to tell what was directly false; as the reader will perceive by his reply, he partly told the truth.

'Afraid of being taken up! why, what could they take up a spalpeen like you for?'

'Poaching,' replied Joey; 'father poached too; they had proof against me, so I came away—with father's consent.'

'Poaching! well, I'm not surprised at that, for if ever it was in the blood, it is in your's—that's truth. And what do you mean to do now?'

'Any thing I can to earn my bread.'

'What can you do—besides poaching, of course. Can you read and write?'

'O, yes.'

'Would you like to be a servant—clean boots, brush clothes, stand behind a cab, run messages, carry notes, and hold your tongue?'

'I could do all that, I think—I am twelve years old.'

'The devil you are; well then, for your father's sake, I'll see what I can do for you, till you can do better. I'll fit you out as a tiger, and what's more, unless I am devilish hard up, I won't sell you. So come along. What's your name?'

'Joey.'

'Sure that was your father's name before you, I now recollect, and should any one take the trouble to ask you what may be the name of your master, you may reply with a safe conscience, that it's Captain O'Donahue. Now, come along, not close after me—you may as well keep open file just now, till I've made you look a little more decent.'

[To be continued.]

## THE TRUANT HUSBAND.

[From "Chronicles of Life," by Mrs. C. B. Wilson.]

'The painful vigil may I never know  
'That anxious watches o'er a wandering heart.'

MRS. TIGHIE.

It was past midnight, and she sat leaning her pale cheek on her hand, counting the dull ticking of the French clock, that stood on the marble chimney-piece, and ever and anon lifting her weary eye to its dial to mark the lapse of another hour. It was past midnight, and yet he returned not! She arose, and taking up the lamp, whose pale rays alone illumed the solitary chamber, proceeded with noiseless step to a

small inner apartment. The curtains of his little bed were drawn aside, and the young mother gazed on her sleeping child! What a vivid contrast did that glowing cheek and smiling brow present, as he lay in rosy slumber, to the faded, yet beautiful face that hung over him in tears! 'Will he resemble his father?' was the thought that passed for a moment through her devoted heart, and a sigh was the only answer!

'Tis his well known knock—and the steps of the drowsy porter echoed through the lofty hall, as with a murmur on his lip, he drew the massy bolts and admitted his thoughtless master

'Four o'clock, Willis, is it not?' and he sprang up the staircase—another moment he is in her chamber—in her arms!

No reproaches met the truant husband, none—save those she could not spare him, in her heavy eye, and faded cheek—yet these spoke to his heart.

'Julia, I have been a wandering husband.'

'But you are come now, Charles, and all is well.'

And all was well, for, from that hour, Charles Danvers became an altered man. Had his wife met him with frowns and sullen tears, he had become a hardened libertine; but her affectionate caresses, the joy that danced in her sunken eye, the hectic flush that lit up her pallid cheek at his approach, were arguments he could not withstand. Married in early life, while he felt all the ardor, but not the esteem of love; possessed of a splendid fortune, and having hitherto had the entire command of his own pleasures, Danvers fell into that common error, of newly married men—the dread of being controlled. In vain did his parents, who beheld with sorrow the reproaches and misery he was heaping up for himself in after life, remonstrate; Charles Danvers turned a deaf ear to advice, and pursued, with companions every way unworthy of his society, the path of folly if not absolute guilt. The tavern, the club-room, the race-course, too often left his wife a solitary mourner, or a midnight watcher.

Thus the first three years of their wedded

life had passed—to him in fevered and restless pleasure, to her in blighted hope or un murmuring regret. But this night crowned the patient forbearance of the neglected Julia with its just reward, and gave the death blow to folly in the bosom of Danvers. Returning with disgust from the losses of the hazard table, her meekness and long-suffering touched him to the soul; the film fell from his eyes, and Vice, in her own hideous deformity, stood unmasked before him,

Ten years have passed since that solitary midnight, when the young matron bent in tears over her sleeping boy. Behold her now! still in the pride of womanhood, surrounded by their cherub faces, who are listening ere they go to rest to her sweet voice, as it pours forth to the accompaniment of her harp an evening song of joy and melody; while a manly form is bending over the music-page to hide the tear of happiness and triumph that springs from a swelling bosom, as he contemplates the interesting group. Youthful matrons! ye who watch over a wandering, perhaps an erring heart—when a reproach trembles on your lips towards a truant husband, imitate Julia Danvers, and remember, though hymen has chains, like the sword of Harmodius, they may be covered with flowers; that unkindness and irritability do but harden, if not wholly estrange the heart—while on the contrary patience and gentleness of manner (as water dropping on the flinty rock, will in time wear it into softness) seldom fail to reclaim to happiness and virtue the Truant Husband.

## THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

BY S. F. STREETER.

*"The Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings."*

As in the east the Lord of day  
Appears, and with enkindling ray,  
Up the bright pathway springs;  
So doth, to the believer's eyes,  
The Sun of Righteousness arise,  
And walk in light and love the skies,  
With healing in his wings.

Not like the fabled sun of old,  
That from its wonted orbit rolled,  
And wrapped the world in flame;—  
But like yon glorious orb of day,  
It comes with mild and steady ray,  
And drives the mist of doubt away,  
In the Redeemer's name.

It is the Messenger of God!  
It sends its healing light abroad,  
To all, of every clime;—  
Shines through the golden gates of pride,  
And where the humble poor reside,  
And sheds its glory far and wide,  
Unto the end of time!

Beneath the Titan's ardent gaze,  
Earth doth her fairest features raise,

And smile and blush by turns;  
The flowers look upward one by one,  
The streams with sweeter music run,  
And dews are wept when day is done,  
And the pale crescent burns:

So, on the spirit—soil divine,  
With healing in his wings doth shine  
The Sun of Righteousness;—  
Soon as his rays the soul illumine,  
The flowers of Hope and Virtue bloom,  
And shed around a pure perfume,  
To soothe and heal and bless.

Straightway the streams of love break out,  
And spread their crystal waves about,  
The buds of Mercy blow;  
Then Peace her olive branch doth lend.  
The dews of heavenly Faith descend,  
And Earth and Heaven their pleasures blend  
In one meek breast below.

That Sun shall ever shine on high,  
To cheer the watchful Christian's eye  
Nought can its power destroy;  
It cometh from the King of Kings,  
It bears Salvation on its wings,  
And healing for the nations brings,  
And peace and perfect joy!

## NEW WORK, BY THE AUTHOR OF VALENTINE VOX.

## GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN,—THE PRINCE.

## PART I.

## CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH THE HERO AND HIS AFFECTIONATE FAMILY ARE INTRODUCED.

Archibald Julian, the grandfather of George—who by his virtue of surpassing ingenuity acquired the aristocratic *sobriquet* of The Prince—was, in a commercial point of view, a remarkably successful, and therefore a highly respectable man. He married early and was then extremely poor, but his marriage, which then appeared to be most improvident, laid the foundation of that fortune which it prompted him to raise, and which, had it not been for that stimulus, would probably never have been raised by him at all.

Having acquired by experience a practical knowledge of the value of money, he proposed to himself at starting to realize ten thousand pounds, correctly calculating that it would yield five hundred a year, upon which he might live in a comfortable state of independence. The possession of ten thousand pounds formed, then, the very acme of his ambition. He wanted no more: he cared to realize no more: if he could but make that he would retire and gather happiness, not only from affluence *per se*, but from acts of benevolence to which, at that period his heart very strongly inclined.

With this laudable object in view, he accordingly, soon after his marriage, borrowed the sum of fifty pounds, and commenced on his own account. He was zealous, indefatigable, up at it early and late, and as he continued to adhere to those economic principles of which early adversity had taught him the worth, the effects of his zeal soon began to appear, and as the whole of his speculations were signally successful he in a few years became a ten-thousand-pound man.

While, however, this sum was being realized, his views on the subject materially changed; the ladder of his ambition grew higher; it had another step, which he did not see before, but which he saw then distinctly, and to gain which he perceived the possession of twenty thousand pounds to be essential. He therefore again set to work; he made twenty thousand pounds: he worked his way up to that, and then discovered another, which on being reached enabled him to see still another!—in short, the ladder grew with the growth of his wealth, keeping always one step in advance.

This was not however the only effect of his journey; when he arrived at the point he had first proposed, he lived at the rate of four hundred a year; on arriving at the second he brought

his private expenditure down to three hundred; on reaching the third he reduced it to two; when the fourth was attained he brought it to one; and thus diminished his 'extravagances'—for that character, then, domestic comforts assumed—until he denied himself even the common necessities of life.

In the early part of his career he was blessed with two sons, for whom he had the most ardent affection, and whom in due time he established in business, and endeavored to impress upon their minds the necessity for depending upon their own individual exertions alone. But this was a lesson they never could learn; the necessity contended for, they could not perceive; they cherished diametrically opposite opinions upon this important point, and wanted to know why they should trouble their heads about business when the Governor had plenty of money in store, and had no one to whom he could leave it but them; and it is an extraordinary and a most distressing fact, that when young men thus situated want to know this, there is no man who can satisfactorily tell them. It was beyond dispute proved in this case: they were consequently reckless and improvident; married penniless flirts in opposition to the will of the governor; neglected their business, and must have failed twenty times, had he not, for the sake of his own reputation, sustained them.

The thought of his having extravagant sons was a source of perpetual annoyance to him, of course; but that which more than all tended to alienate his fond affection from them was the bitter fact of their being extremely anxious to follow him as nominal mourners to the grave.—They made no attempt whatever to disguise their feelings on this point. It was manifested daily. They did not, it is true, give expression to this generous sentiment before him; but they made their impatience known to all with whom he was connected, and through them it soon reached his ears.

At first the old gentleman felt very wretched, for he had then the affectionate feelings of a father; but when those feelings had been, by the indignities they constantly lavished upon him, destroyed, bitterness succeeded, and after a time even that was commingled with mirth.

'You wish me dead!' the old man would exclaim with a chuckle, whenever they gave him fresh cause of annoyance. 'I am a long time dying, am I not? I keep you both out of the property, don't I? You are impatient to squander it!—to squander it!—to gamble!—to make it fly!—to live a life of extravagance and aristocratic profligacy! to trick out your wives like

dolls at a fair;—to keep your carriages and your hunters! All in good time, my affectionate sons! I shall go by-and-by, and when I do—you'll know more!

'What do you mean?' they would fiercely inquire.

'Live and learn,' the old man would reply; 'live and learn.'

And then he would chuckle again, as if he cherished some conception from which he derived inexpressible pleasure.

As he clung with greater tenacity to life, the nearer death approached him, and as he had been warned again and again that his devotion to business had a tendency to shorten its duration, he, on reaching the age of sixty, retired, and died on the following day.

The real cause of his mirth then appeared.—He had not left either of his sons a single shilling;—the whole of his property was bequeathed to the children of the one—whichever it might be—who died first.

This came like a thunderbolt upon them. It confused all their faculties. What could they do! They had not even a life-interest in the estate. They had nothing! They could not wish for each other's death; nor could either wish for his own. And yet, the property! Each of course, wished to secure it to his own children; but then they both wished to live!

This placed them in a position of which they did not approve. They thought deeply upon the matter, very deeply; and as neither seemed to relish the idea of a premature death, they conceived various schemes for getting possession of the estate without anything occurring of a character so unpleasant. Among the rest it was suggested that one of them should counterfeit death, and then divide the estate fairly between them; but on carefully perusing the will, they discovered that the executors were expressly directed to view the body!—which they thought very hard.

At this period George had reached the age of fourteen, and was a fine, tall, shrewd, handsome boy, who had from infancy developed a strong desire to understand all that occurred within his cognizance; and the first time he heard his father and uncle lamenting the peculiar perplexity of the position in which they stood, he started up and exclaimed, 'Father, let me see the will.'

'For what, George?' inquired his father, smiling.

'You appear to be in some sort of difficulty about this affair; I want to see if it cannot be in any way got over.'

Both his father and his uncle laughed loudly at this, and patted him playfully upon the head.

'Why do you laugh?' said George, gravely; for he felt most indignant. 'If you do not wish to get yourself out of it, why that's another thing; but if you do, you will let me see the will.'

The brothers, although they still smiled, were amazed; and a copy of the will was produced and perused by George with an expression of most intent thought. At length, placing his

finger upon a particular line, he cried, 'That's the point; just as I imagined.'

Again the brothers laughed most heartily; and George, having looked at them for a moment as if he felt himself insulted, rolled up the will with the utmost deliberation, and told them they might find it out themselves.

'Nay, George,' said his uncle, encouragingly; 'come, show us the point.'

'What do you laugh at me for?' demanded George; 'I don't like to be laughed at.'

'Well, well: we'll not laugh. Come, now then, what is it?'

'Why look here,' said George, again unrolling the will. 'It says the executors must view the body. Now just suppose that you were to be drowned and never discovered: in that case how could they view the body?'

'Well done, Georgey!' cried his uncle; 'certainly if the body were not found they could not view it.'

'Very well, then; but don't call me Georgey; I don't like 'Georgey;' it sounds as if I were a child.'

'To be sure it does,' said his father; 'and you're getting to be a man now. But what has drowning to do with it, George? Would you recommend your uncle to drown himself?'

'No, I don't care much about that; but suppose he were reported to be drowned, wouldn't that do as well?'

'Bravo, George!' exclaimed his uncle.

'Capital!' cried his father, who was in raptures with his boy, whom he naturally thought the finest fellow in the world.

'Or if that will not do,' added George, 'there is yet another thing. I was reading it only the other day: stop; I'll find it.'

He hereupon went to the bookcase and brought down a volume of Shakspeare, and having hastily turned over the leaves, found and read the following passage:—

'And when thou art alone take thou this vial,  
And this distilled liquor; drink them off  
When presently through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowsy humor, which shall seize  
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep  
His natural progress, but surcease to beat.  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st.  
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To pale ashes;  
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death  
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.'

'Now,' said George, having read this passage with great deliberation and point, 'I should just like to know what this sleepy stuff was;—because that, you know, would be the very thing! Do you not think that the chemists could tell?'

'I fear not,' said his father; 'no, the other is the plan, if well managed.'

'I like that best myself,' observed George.—'You or uncle could easily go out of the way, and be reported as drowned; and it isn't to be supposed, although they are instructed to view the body, that if either of you really were drowned, they would keep this estate until the



body could be found, and if never found, for ever.

Again George was highly applauded, not only by the brothers, but by his mother and aunt;—neither of whom for one moment considered that they were applauding him for suggesting a falsehood. As the plan seemed easy of accomplishment, the brothers consulted together privately, and the result was that they determined that the uncle of George should suddenly disappear; that the estate should be claimed for his children who were of age; that when the property had been securely made over, it should be equally divided, and that in the event of any stir they should proceed to America together.

The preparations were therefore made, and the uncle vanished; when a fellow, who had been employed for the purpose, reported, that while on his barge, he saw a gentleman struggling in the river, and ultimately sink; and as this report was raised simultaneously with that of the uncle's mysterious disappearance, it was at once inferred that he was that gentleman of course. The river was accordingly dragged with due zeal every day for a week, but no body could be found. He was advertised in all the local papers, for the purpose of making all sure, but as of course they received no answer to these advertisements, it was taken for granted that he was the man. The whole family in consequence went into mourning, and there was a great show of grief, and in the due course of time an application was made to the executors for the transfer of the property to the children of the deceased. The executors, who were honorable, straight-forward persons themselves, entertained no suspicion of the ruse; and therefore having heard the evidence of the person who gave an accurate description of the unfortunate individual, they felt certain that he was the man, and therefore did not feel justified in resisting the claim.

Just, however, as the business was about to be completed, the fellow who was to have been rewarded with five hundred pounds, communicated his great good fortune to his wife in strict confidence; and she being a very clever woman was so delighted, that she told her sister, in confidence, and her sister confidentially told her husband, and the true state of the case confidentially flew from one to another, until the executors were told in strict confidence themselves; which had a very great effect, for the estate was withheld, and the departed, feeling quite sure then that it was useless for him to keep any longer out of the way, took an early opportunity of returning to his wretched, disconsolate widow, of course in due form.

The failure of this scheme much affected the whole family; so much were they despaired, that their business gradually dwindled away, until they thought it expedient to fail. A quarrel then ensued about the division of the property they had concealed. They became bitter enemies. They hated each other with a most cordial hate; yet neither could wish the other dead!

Reconciliation was quite out of the question;

they never could be reconciled; they lived in a state of enmity for nearly eight years, when the uncle died—a circumstance which his brother so sincerely regretted, that in less than a week he died himself. This wounded the feelings of George deeply. If his father had but dropped off a week before, what a fortunate thing it would have been! Had he outlived his brother five years, or even six months, it would not have been half such a pity; but the idea of his dying within a little week, was held by both George and his mother to be very distressing indeed.

## CHAPTER II.

### IN WHICH GEORGE TAKES HIS FIRST IMPORTANT STEP.

As all that his mother had now to procure the means of existence was an annuity of a miserable amount, George saw that it was time for him to begin to do something for himself. He had calculated, with a feeling of certainty, upon having his grandfather's property. He felt sure that his uncle would outlive his father, not only because his uncle was older, but because he was far more abstemious and less passionate. The fact of his being left penniless was therefore a heavy blow, especially as he had no resource, no friend, no profession to fly to. He was an excellent commercial scholar, and a good linguist; he had read much, and could write a clear and expeditious hand; and as he thought that although there might be thousands equally accomplished unemployed, if he came up to London he should be certain to meet with something. He therefore decided at once upon leaving home. But, the day before that on which he intended to start, while passing the house of Sir Richard Roughall—who had been knighted for some signal services he had rendered during a riot, while serving the office of mayor of the town—he saw his daughter Julia playing on the lawn; and although he had seen her before, he had never experienced those feelings with which she inspired him then. On that occasion, he bowed and raised his hat, which she deemed a most extraordinary occurrence, and, ceasing to play with her spaniel, blushed deeply, and timidly drew near her maid.

Having passed, George immediately proceeded home to analyze the feelings which then possessed him, and to perfect the scheme which he had on the instant conceived, while Julia was discussing the merits of the case with her maid, who was the only creature near her in whom she could confide.

Julia had been from infancy secluded from the world; she was a finely-formed, beautiful girl, full of ruddy health and spirits, one who delighted to romp about the garden with her dog, while her fair hair wantonly luxuriated in ringlets upon her shoulders. Beyond this garden she was never permitted to go, under any pretence, unaccompanied by her father. She had seen no society. Sir Richard gave no parties, received no visits, and went to corporation

dinners only. He was a remarkably heavy, morose, selfish man, who prided himself upon his wealth and his title, and, although extremely vulgar, thought no man superior to himself.—He was incapable of much affection. He had treated his wife, whom he lost before he was knighted, most harshly; while his conduct to Julia, albeit his only child, was characterized by the most repulsive severity. He loved himself alone: he was a gross domestic tyrant: he kept Julia strictly from the society of men, that she might avoid the very snare into which he thus prepared her to fall. He would not have a man in the house. He would never allow her to accept an invitation. She had never been addressed on any occasion by a gentleman, for he had never suffered one to approach her. She had acquired the various little accomplishments which country young ladies in general are taught; she could, as he termed it, 'jabber' French and Italian,—she could 'go ding-dong' upon the piano, she could 'hop,' and 'draw,' and 'squall'; but poor Julia knew as little of mankind as if there had been no other man upon earth than Sir Richard, and as he was a very unfavorable sample, her ideas of men in the aggregate, derived from studying him, were not of the most brilliant character. Her home was her world: she was a slave to her father, who harshly exacted the most implicit obedience, and was invariably most tyrannous when she tried most to please him.

That Julia, being in this unenviable position, should feel delighted when she beheld a fine handsome young fellow bow to her so respectfully, and with so much grace, is not strange. It inspired her at once with novel feelings, and filled her mind with new ideas. She was able to think of nothing but the elegant stranger, and during the day her father, noticing the change, struck her several times in consequence most severely.

In the mean time, George was laying out his plans to obtain an interview with her. He knew that Sir Richard was wealthy, having realized, as an iron founder, an immense sum of money during the war; but as he also knew his imperious, brutal disposition, he felt certain that he would never entertain his suit, and that therefore the only prospect he had was that of an elopement, trusting to time and circumstances to effect a reconciliation. His journey to London was therefore postponed, and the first step proposed was, to bribe Julia's maid to convey a letter to her mistress, couched in terms of the most ardent affection, and begging of her in the most romantic strain, to save him from utter despair by granting him an interview for a few brief moments. This letter was written, and George the next morning proceeded towards the house which was situated a short distance out of the town. As he passed, he saw Julia again, and again he bowed gracefully, and Julia in her innocence returned the salute. She watched him anxiously until she could see him no longer, but felt so tremulous that she scarcely could breathe.

This of course inspired George with additional hope, and keeping within view of the gate, he remained in the full expectation of seeing the servant pass out. After watching impatiently for nearly an hour, his expectation was realized. He saw the servant leave the house alone, and he lost no time in approaching her.

'You are living with Sir Richard, I believe,' said he.

'Yes, sir,' replied the girl, respectfully.

'Your sweet young lady is quite well, I hope?'

'I thank you sir, quite.'

'I thought that I never saw her look so beautiful as when I passed yesterday morning.'

'Are you the gentleman that bowed to her when we were in the garden?'

'The same.'

'Dear! how she has been talking about you, to be sure.'

'Indeed!'

'Oh! you have never been out of her head.'

'I am delighted to hear it. You are her confidant, I presume?'

'Oh she never thinks of keeping any secret from me. We are like two sisters more than any thing else.'

'I am glad that she has one near her so worthy of her esteem.'

The girl acknowledged the compliment in silence.

'You have it in your power,' continued George 'to do me the highest favor I can ask.'

'What, me, sir?'

'You. And I feel that I can place implicit confidence in one in whom your charming young mistress confides.'

'You may, sir; but what can I do?'

'Deliver this letter on your return.'

'Oh, dear me, I mustn't. Sir Richard would kill me!'

'How is Sir Richard to know of it? I shall not tell him, and I am quite sure that you will not do so.'

'Oh, not for the world!'

'Why then need you fear?'

'Oh, if he should discover it, he'll surely be the death of us all.'

'If you were an ordinary person,' said George, with an irresistible expression, 'a person of no mind, of no soul, of no discretion, then, indeed, I should fear to trust you with this commission; but as I perceive—you will believe me when I state to you that I am not one who would for a moment descend to flattery—but as I perceive that you are a person of intellect, and superior altogether to the station you at present occupy in society, I must say that I have not the slightest hesitation in trusting you with that which is essential to the realization of my proudest hope, having the highest confidence in the superiority of your mind, and in the soundness of your judgment.'

'Well sir,' said the girl, who was highly delighted, 'I'll undertake to give it to Miss Julia, but—'

'You are a good, kind creature. I knew that you would. I could tell in a moment, for there

is always something in the expression of an intelligent countenance, by which confidence is created at once.'

Jane felt at this moment on the highest conceivable terms with herself, for there was not a single syllable in this speech, that failed to meet the approbation of her heart. She took the letter, and as George, with many appropriate expressions of gratitude, pressed her hand and left a sovereign therein, she said with the utmost generosity—

'Nay, sir, I do not wish this; upon my word I do not.'

'Keep it,' said George, 'for my sake, and as an earnest of the bright reward you may expect for your advice and assistance, for I shall have to solicit your advice, and I feel that I shall have your assistance.'

'You shall, sir; depend upon that.'

'You are a dear, good girl, and to prove how perfect is the confidence I repose in you, I will explain to you in substance the contents of that letter. I am desperately enamoured of your beautiful young mistress; how dearly, how passionately I love her, I need not describe to you, for I know that you have a fond heart, capable of understanding and appreciating the feelings with which I am inspired. My object is to obtain an interview with her in whom my hopes are concentrated. I have solicited that happiness, I must leave it with you to arrange.'

'I'll do my best, sir.'

'I know it; I feel that you will. You need not say that I have explained all this, she will probably show you the letter.'

'Oh, that she will; that she is certain to do.'

'I have said that I anxiously wait her reply; could I not have one to-day?'

'Come here this afternoon, say at four o'clock, precisely; I shall be able to run out then, and tell you all about it. I'll manage it. Depend upon me.'

'I do, I do depend upon you,' said George; who again pressed her hand very warmly, and then took his leave in the most graceful manner; as he walked from her, she turned twenty times to admire his figure, which in her view was elegant in the extreme.

As George had weighed every sentence he uttered, and watched its effect upon Jane, he felt convinced that he had propitiated her favor, and that therefore as an ambassadress, she would be most influential.

Nor was he deceived. Immediately on her return she delivered the letter, and portrayed his characteristics—not only as far as they had been developed, but as far as the power of her vivid imagination could extend—in colors the most brilliant and enchanting. He was a dear of a man. Oh! so handsome, so graceful, so affectionate, so elegant, none could surpass him! She was sure, that if he had solicited an interview with her, all the fathers in Christendom conjoined, should never prevent its being granted.

Poor Julia! She never before felt so confused. She trembled from head to foot. Her heart

throbbed audibly, while her breathing kept time with her pulse. She had never experienced feelings at all comparable with those with which her soul was then inspired; albeit her delight was mingled with apprehension. To be beloved! Oh! at the thought how her heart leaped with joy, how her bosom swelled with rapture! She had heard of love, she had read of love, and had felt that its power had been exaggerated; but now how strongly, how deeply did she feel that it was not. She had seen him who had declared his affection in a strain so passionate: she had not only seen him in reality, she had seen him in her dreams, and had heard him in imagination vow eternal love! It was but the previous evening that she had read the marriage service; it was but the previous night, that in a reverie she had heard him say that he would cherish her fondly and for ever. How then could she doubt his affection? Answer ye who will conceive the inmost feelings of one who having experienced peculiar harshness from infancy, hears for the first time that she is adored, and sees before her an avenue of happiness, leading to a diadem sparkling with joys.

And, yet, how could she act? She had never before felt confinement irksome. She had never deemed her father's tyranny tyrannous till then! What was to be done? What could she do?—What if she were to receive him? She dared not do it! The thought filled her guileless heart with alarm! Not all the entreaties of Jane could prevail; she could not, she dared not give her consent, although in withholding that consent she felt wretched.

The hours passed heavily both to her and to him whom she felt she loved dearly; but as four o'clock did at last arrive, Jane, as Sir Richard and Julia sat down to dine, ran out to meet George, who, of course, was there panting with suspense. To him she hastily communicated all that had passed, and made him truly dejected.

'Is there no hope, then?' he exclaimed.

'Yes, yes; come to-night, do not despair.—Between this and then I may manage to persuade her, at any rate, I'll do all I can.'

'A thousand thanks!' said George. 'At what hour shall I come?'

'At ten, you must not come before. At that time we all go to bed. You can get over the gate, don't be afraid, and never mind the board about man-traps and spring-guns, we have nothing of the sort; come you round to the back and I'll manage, at all events, to tell you whether Miss Julia will see you or not.'

George again and again thanked her, and having begged of her to use all the influence at her command, pressed her hand, sent his love to her gentle mistress, and they parted.

During this hasty interview, Sir Richard was pursuing his old brutal conduct. On sitting down to dinner, Julia was utterly unable to eat, which the gross knight no sooner perceived than he exclaimed, with a dark scowl, 'What's the matter now?'

'Nothing, papa,' replied Julia, tremulously.

'Nothing! then why don't you peck?'

Julia again tried, but as her progress was but slow, Sir Richard, who had been watching her, cried,

'Are you going to eat a little faster?'

'I have no appetite, papa, indeed I have not.'

'No appetite! You want to be locked up again, madam, and kept on bread and water for a month. I'll warrant that I'll bring back your appetite, do you hear! If you don't eat, I'll have the victuals crammed down your throat.—What do you mean?'

'Pray do not treat me ill, papa,' said Julia, bursting into tears. 'Indeed, indeed, I cannot help it.'

This appeal, mild and gentle though it was, made Sir Richard foam with rage. He had never before heard from her any thing like it. He was amazed! She had heretofore borne all in silence, and hence she had no sooner spoken than, with a most ferocious aspect, he struck the table with his knife and fork, and while maintaining them in an upright position, demanded fiercely to know what she meant.

'Treat you ill!' he cried, 'ill'—I treat you—impudence! Out of my sight! If you stay another minute, I'll kick you out! Start!'

Poor Julia knowing the violence of his disposition, and that he seldom failed to carry his threats into execution, instantly left the room, sobbing.

She felt his unkindness then acutely, she had scarcely deemed it an unkindness before, for she had scarcely known what kindness in men was; but when she contrasted the treatment she received from her father with that which had been promised by George—and her imagination being unchecked by experience prompted her to regard ought but kindness from him impossible—it filled her heart with sorrow, and her eyes with scalding tears!

As Sir Richard, whenever he felt himself grossly offended, would sulk for a week or a month as it suited his fancy, and would not suffer his beautiful slave to come near him until she had written what he happened to consider at the time a sufficient number of penitential letters imploring his forgiveness, and begging to be restored to his favor, Julia knew that as this offence was deemed most gross, she should have for some considerable period no one to speak to but her maid; and when Jane, who immediately on hearing of the outburst, went to console her, her mind was well prepared to receive any favorable impression, and to entertain any pleasurable project. The occurrence was therefore deemed fortunate by Jane, who at once renewed her suit: denounced Sir Richard's unreasonable severity, applauded to the seventh heaven "the delightful young gentleman" by whom her mistress was adored, and eventually succeeded so well that Julia, on being informed that he would be there at the time appointed, tremblingly consented to see him one moment from the back-parlor window.

All being thus arranged, time seemed to rest or move so idly, that its progress could scarcely be perceived. It did progress, however, for

eventually the clocks struck nine; and George, at that hour, wearied with the delay, which he deemed intolerable, leaped the garden-gate.

It was a hazy night, and the moon, having struggled for some time to pierce the mist, had succeeded just sufficiently to render perceptible the vapor which the meadow had exhaled; while, with the exception of the sheep-bells in the distance, all was silent as the tomb. In the drawing-room light was seen still. He knew that the hour appointed had not arrived, but he came thus early in the full conviction that his suspense would be less painful there. He soon, however, found the reverse to be the case; time hung with heaviness almost insupportable. He found a garden chair, upon which he sat for some minutes, and then arose; but as he dared not walk upon the paths,—for the night was so still that every step he took almost startled him—he was compelled to confine himself to this seat. And there he remained holding his watch, and feeling the minute hand ever and anon as it moved almost imperceptibly. At length having passed an hour in the most painful suspense, he was startled by the bolts of the front door being withdrawn, and immediately afterwards some one approached. The footsteps were heavy. They could not be those of a female! Had he been seen to enter? Had he been betrayed? Had he been induced to come there for the purpose of being violently ejected? The sound still approached. He could just discern the figure of a tall heavy man, when creeping beneath a currant bush he made up his mind to the worst. The figure reached the spot; it was Sir Richard, who had made a dead stand, and raising his gun, which had been already cocked, fired directly over the bush.—George was motionless: he scarcely breathed, he did not think that he had been hit: he felt no pain!

'It may be his custom,' thought he, 'to go round before he retires, and this supposition was strengthened when Sir Richard on the instant deliberately walked back. Still George attempted not to stir: he listened with the most intense interest to every sound, heard Sir Richard mount the steps, scrape his shoes, re-enter the house, close the door and fasten it, when as all became perfectly still again, he rose, and for the first time discovered that he had been thrown into a state of steaming perspiration.

This incident in some degree relieved him from his impatience, it caused a little time to fly quickly, and as his congratulations on his narrow escape occupied a little more, it did not seem long before he had heard the town clocks strike ten. He then became all anxiety again, the hour had arrived, and he felt more unnerved than even when he lay concealed beneath the bush. He listened to every breath and strained his eyes through the darkness to discover if possible the approach of a light; but no, all was silent and dark. Just, however, as he began to despair a window was opened cautiously, and he distinctly heard some one cry 'Hist.'

George listened for a moment, he felt relief—



ed, and yet, as no light was to be seen, he could not but think it possible for it to be a *ruse* to bring him forward, in order that the worthy knight might have another shot.

'Hist, hist!' again cried the voice, when as at the moment he saw one female form attempting to draw another away, he approached.

'Be cautious,' said Jane, as she saw him approach, 'tread lightly, pray, don't speak a word, Miss Julia will see you, but only for two minutes.'

'Excellent girl!' said George in a whisper, and at the moment, the trembling Julia appeared.

'Did you wish to speak with me?' she inquired, although scarcely able to speak.

'My sweetest!' said George, passionately pressing her hand. 'I did wish to explain to you how ardently, how fondly I love you; yet now that you are before me, my heart is so full that I cannot express the joy I feel. Pardon me for presuming to seek an interview with you thus: believe me I would not have done so had I been in possession of any other means of securing this happiness.'

Poor Julia knew not what to say, she felt dreadfully alarmed; but feeling that she ought to make some observation, faltered out artlessly, 'I hope I have not kept you long?'

'Not long; no not very long, and yet it did—it did to me seem an age. I at one time feared that I had been discovered, for Sir Richard came into the garden with his gun, but he did not perceive me.'

'Thank Heaven!' exclaimed Julia. 'What a mercy you escaped! Had he seen you, you would surely have been killed.'

'And you would not have had me killed?'

'Not for the world!' exclaimed Julia, fervently, 'I would not have any one,' she added, checking herself—'killed.'

'Bless you!' said George, as he kissed her trembling hand. 'You have made me so happy! You cannot imagine how happy I feel, I cannot speak, I am so happy!'

There was a pause. Julia's heart throbbed with violence, she knew not how she felt, she was now in a state of ecstasy, now in pain. She wished him to remain silent, yet she wished to hear him speak, for his voice was the sweetest she had ever heard; its music thrilled through her veins, vibrated through her heart, each syllable striking the tenderest chord. George felt enchanted, he held her hand in his, and pressed it and kissed it again and again.

At length he cried,

'My beautiful girl! I never before knew what it was to love, but now I feel that I could die in your presence with pleasure. You are not cruel, I know that you are not, you would not wish to see me wretched: something—indeed I know not what it is, but something tells me that the feelings which I experience are reciprocal—that you do not, I mean, absolutely hate me?'

'Oh no!' said Julia, with the innocence of a child, 'indeed,—indeed,—indeed I do not—nay I love you—forgive me—I did not mean—but—

I do love all who love me! I cannot help it.'

'You are an angel. You make me each moment admire you more and more.'

Again there was a pause, during which George held the hand of Julia to his heart; for although his views before were purely mercenary, he now felt that he did in reality love her, and that moreover, her happiness and his were inseparable. Still neither cared to speak. Their hearts were too full. They both felt that they loved and were beloved in return, and conceived that no happiness, no joy could be superior to that.

'Dear me, what dull lovers you are!' cried Jane, 'Why don't you rattle on? I could teach you to make love much better than that, I am sure!'

'Superficial love,' said George, 'may require words to denote its existence, as a shallow stream will perpetually ripple; but our love, my Julia, is deep, and flows calmly and in silence, and will in silence continue to flow, unless a storm should come to develop its power.'

'May that storm never arise!' said Julia.

'My sweetest! to that I will say amen; and yet, my dear Julia, I must expect it. My position in society, as you are probably aware, is not brilliant, I therefore felt that my address to her who is my soul's idol would never be sanctioned by Sir Richard.'

'Oh dear yes!' exclaimed Julia, 'why not?'

'Simply, my love, because I am not in a high position.'

'But if you were to speak to him he would like you very much, I am sure that he would, and invite you to the house, and then we should pass many delightful days in each other's society.'

'My gentle girl must not expect it. Were I to mention the subject to him, he would spurn me.'

'Oh dear me, no! he would like you exceedingly! I am sure of it!'

And it did appear to Julia to be impossible for him not to gain the esteem of her father. She could not conceive how he could fail indeed to love him; but George, whose policy it was to break to her his intentions by degrees, smiled, and continued to press her hand in silence.

To Jane all this was excessively tedious; for time, whose progress was imperceptible to them, hung heavily upon her. She could not enter into the merits of the case. It was not interesting to her. She was not at all amused: she conceived it in short to be dull work indeed; and therefore became rather fidgety, and bustled about the room and trimmed the lamp, and hemmed constantly, and was sure that Miss Julia would catch her death standing so long at the window, and intimated that it was getting very late, and that it was not impossible for Sir Richard to dream of the circumstance, and to come down and find his dream realized, which would be very dreadful!

Neither Julia nor George, however, had the smallest fear on either of these well-conceived grounds, nor were they at all in haste; but Jane did at length induce him to look at his watch,



when of course he was astonished to find it past midnight, Julia's two minutes having exceeded two hours.

'Envious Time!' said George. 'Taking no delight in happiness, it flies with eagle's wings when pleasure reigns, but scarcely moves when pain is in the ascendant. It grieves me to say farewell, my Julia; yet prudence as well as Jane prompts me now to take leave. Still neither Jane nor prudence must force me from you until you have consented to let me come again.'

'It is not improper?' said Julia.

'I hope that you will never suppose me capable of suggesting—'

'No, no, believe me I would not for the world. But I should like it better if my papa were apprised of your visits.'

'If he were to know, if he were even to suspect, my dearest girl, that I love you, this visit would be my last.'

'Then he must *not* know.'

'Let me then come to-morrow evening?'

'But do not, for heaven's sake come before the time. Papa invariably goes round the garden with his gun, and if he were to see you, the consequence, I am sure, would be dreadful;

therefore pray do not come until ten;—but you will not be later than that?'

'I will not. And now, my sweetest love, good night! good night! You will think of me, Julia? I feel that you will, because I cannot but feel that you know I love you fondly, and shall be ever devoted and true. You do believe me?'

'I do, indeed I do.'

'Bless you, my Julia! bless you! *good night!*—*good night!*'

George again pressed her hand, and kissed it with ardor. Still he was not satisfied: he lingered even then!

'I have to whisper *one* word,' said he at length, and as Julia bent her ear towards him, he said again, 'God bless you!' and kissed her cheek.

He then left the garden and Julia listened until she was sure of his safety, and remained at the window even after that. She felt as if she wished to say good night once more, but as Jane, to whom the interview had not been very entertaining, soon broke the charm, she returned with her mind richly laden with the germs of a long enchanting dream.

[To be continued.]

## OLD ST. PAUL'S—AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

### PART I.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### THE GROCER OF WOOD-STREET AND HIS FAMILY.

One night, at the latter end of April, 1665, the family of a citizen of London, carrying on an extensive business as a grocer in Wood-street, Cheapside, were assembled, according to custom, at prayer. The grocer's name was Stephen Bloundel. His family consisted of his wife, three sons and two daughters. He had moreover, an apprentice; an elderly female serving as cook; her son, a young man about five-and-twenty, filling the place of porter to the shop and general assistant; and a kitchen maid. The whole household attended;—for the worthy grocer being a strict observer of his religious duties, as well as a rigid disciplinarian in other respects, suffered no one to be absent, on any plea whatever (except indisposition), from morning and evening devotions; and these were always performed at stated times. In fact, the establishment was conducted with the regularity of clock-work; it being the aim of its master not to pass a single hour of the day unprofitably.

The ordinary prayer gone through, Stephen Bloundel offered up a long and fervent supplication to the Most High for protection

against the devouring pestilence with which the city was then scourged. He acknowledged that this terrible visitation had been justly brought upon it by the wickedness of its inhabitants; that they deserved their doom, dreadful though it was; that, like the dwellers in Jerusalem before it was given up to ruin and desolation, they 'had mocked the messengers of God and despised his word;' that, in the language of the prophet, 'they had refused to hearken, and pulled away the shoulder, and stopped their ears that they should not hear; yea, had made their heart like an adamant stone, lest they should hear the law and the words which the Lord of Hosts had sent in his spirit by the former prophets.'

He admitted that great sins require great chastisement, and that the sins of London were enormous; that it was filled with strifes, heresies, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and every kind of abomination; that the ordinances of God were neglected, and all manner of vice openly practised; that, despite repeated warnings, and afflictions less grievous than the present, these vicious practices had been persisted in. All this he humbly acknowledged. But he implored a gracious Providence, in consideration of his few faithful servants, to spare the others yet

a little longer, and give them a last chance of repentance and amendment. Or, if this could not be, and their utter extirpation was inevitable, that the habitations of the devout might be exempted from the general destruction—might be places of refuge, as Zoar was to Lot.

He concluded by earnestly exhorting those around him to keep constant watch upon themselves; not to murmur at God's dealings and dispensations; but so to comport themselves, that 'they might be able to stand in the day of wrath, in the day of death, and in the day of judgment.' The exhortation produced a powerful effect upon its hearers, and they arose,—some with serious, others with terrified looks.

And here, before proceeding further, it may be desirable to show in what manner the dreadful pestilence referred to by the grocer commenced, and how far its ravages had already extended. Two years before, namely—in 1663—more than a third of the population of Amsterdam was carried off by a desolating plague. Hamburg was also grievously afflicted about the same time, and in the same manner. Notwithstanding every effort to cut off communication with these states, the insidious disease found its way into England by means of some bales of merchandise, as it was suspected, at the latter end of the year 1664, when two persons died suddenly with undoubted symptoms of the distemper, in Westminster. Its next appearance was at a house in Long-acre, and its victims two Frenchmen, who had brought goods from the Levant. Smothered for a short time, like a fire upon which coals had been heaped, it broke out with fresh fury in several places.

And now the consternation began. The whole city was panic-stricken. Nothing was talked of but the plague—nothing planned but means of arresting its progress. One grim and ghastly idea possessed the minds of all. Like a hideous phantom stalking the streets at noonday, and scaring all in its path, Death took his course through London, and selected his prey at pleasure. The general alarm was further increased by the predictions confidently made as to the vast numbers who would be swept away by the visitation; by the prognostications of astrologers; by the prophesyings of enthusiasts; by the denunciations of preachers; and by the portents and prodigies reported to have occurred. During the long and frosty winter preceding this fatal year, a comet appeared in the heavens, the sickly color of which was supposed to forebode the judgment about to follow. Blazing stars, and other meteors of a lurid hue and strange and preternatural shape, were likewise seen. The sun was said to have set in streams of blood, and the moon to have shone without reflecting a shadow; grisly shapes appeared at night; strange clamors and groans were heard in the air; hearses, coffins, and heaps of unburied dead, were discovered in the sky; and great cakes and clots of blood were found in the Tower-moat; while a marvellous double tide occurred at London-bridge. All these prodigies were currently reported, and in most cases believed.

The severe frost, before noticed, did not break up till the end of February, and with the thaw the plague frightfully increased in violence.—From Drury-lane, it spread along Holborn, eastward as far as the Great Turnstile, and westward to St. Gile's Pound, and so along the Tyburn-road. St. Andrew's Holborn was next infected; and as this was a more populous parish than the former, the deaths were more numerous within it. For some time, the disease was checked by Fleet Ditch; it then leaped this narrow boundary, and ascending the opposite hill, carried fearful devastation into the parish of St. James Clerkenwell. At the same time, it attacked St. Bride's; thinned the ranks of the thievish horde haunting Whitefriars; and proceeding in an easterly course, decimated Saint Clement Danes.

Hitherto, the city had escaped. The destroyer had not passed Ludgate or Newgate, but environed the walls like a besieging enemy. A few days, however, before the opening of this history, fine weather having commenced, the horrible disease began to grow more rife, and laughing all precautions and impediments to scorn, broke out in the very heart of the stronghold—namely, in Bearbinder-lane, near Stocks Market, where nine persons died.

At a season so awful, it may be imagined how an impressive address, like that delivered by the grocer, would be received by those who saw in the pestilence not merely an overwhelming scourge from which few could escape, but a direct manifestation of the Divine displeasure.—Not a word was said. Blaize Shotterel, the porter, and old Josyna, his mother, together with Patience, the other woman-servant, betook themselves silently, and with troubled countenances, to the kitchen. Leonard Holt, the apprentice, lingered for a moment to catch a glance from the soft blue eyes of Amabel, the grocer's eldest daughter (for even the plague was a secondary consideration with him when she was present), and failing in the attempt, he heaved a deep sigh, which was luckily laid to the account of the discourse he had just listened to by his sharp-sighted master, and proceeded to the shop, where he busied himself in arranging matters for the night.

Having just completed his twenty first year, and his apprenticeship being within a few months of its expiration, Leonard Holt began to think of returning to his native town of Manchester, where he intended to settle, and where he had once fondly hoped the fair Amabel would accompany him in the character of his bride. Not that he had received sufficient encouragement to make it matter of certainty that if he did so declare himself, he should be accepted; but being both 'proper and tall,' and having tolerable confidence in his good looks, he had made himself, up to a short time prior to his introduction to the reader, quite easy on the point.

His present misgivings were occasioned by Amabel's altered manner towards him, and by a rival, who, he had reason to fear, had completely superseded him in her good graces. Brought

up together from an early age, the grocer's daughter and the young apprentice had, at first, regarded each other as brother and sister. By degrees, the feeling changed. Amabel became more reserved and held little intercourse with Leonard, who, busied with his own concerns, thought little about her. But as he grew towards manhood, he could not remain insensible to her extraordinary beauty—for extraordinary it was, and such as to attract admiration wherever she went, so that 'the grocer's daughter' became the toast among the ruffling gallants of the town, many of whom sought to obtain speech with her. Her parents, however, were far too careful of her to permit any such approach.—Amabel's stature was lofty; her limbs slight, but exquisitely symmetrical; her features small, and cast in the most delicate mould; her eyes of the softest blue; and her hair luxuriant, and of the finest texture and richest brown. Her other beauties must be left to the imagination, but it must not be omitted that she was barely eighteen, and had all the freshness, the innocence, and vivacity of that most charming period of woman's existence. No wonder she ravished every heart. No wonder in an age when love-making was more general even than now, that she was beset by admirers. No wonder her father's apprentice became desperately enamored of her, and proportionately jealous.

And this brings us to his rival. On the 10th of April, two gallants, both richly attired, and both young and handsome, dismounted before the grocer's door, and, leaving their steeds to the care of their attendants, entered the shop. They made sundry purchases of preserves, figs and other dried fruit, chatted familiarly with the grocer, and tarried so long that at last he began to suspect they must have some motive. All at once, however, they disagreed on some slight matter—Bloundel could not tell what, nor, perhaps, could the disputants, even if their quarrel had not been preconcerted—high words arose, and in another moment swords were drawn, and furious passages exchanged. The grocer called to his eldest son—a stout youth of nineteen—and to Leonard Holt to separate them. The apprentice seized his cudgel—no apprentice in those days was without one—and rushed towards the combatants, but before he could reach them, the fray was ended. One of them had received a thrust through the sword arm, and his blade dropping, his antagonist declared himself satisfied, and with a grave salute walked off. The wounded man wrapped a laced handkerchief round his arm, but immediately afterwards complained of great faintness. Pitying his condition and suspecting no harm, the grocer led him into the inner room, where restoratives were offered him by Mrs Bloundel and her daughter Amabel, both of whom had been alarmed by the noise of the conflict. In a short time, the wounded man was so far recovered as to be able to converse with his assistants, especially the younger one; and the grocer having returned to the shop, his discourse became so very animated and tender, that Mrs Bloundel deemed it prudent to give her

daughter a hint to retire. Amabel reluctantly obeyed, for the stranger was so handsome, and so richly dressed, had such a captivating manner, and so distinguished an air, that she was strongly prepossessed in his favor. A second look from her mother, however, caused her to disappear, nor did she return. After waiting with suppressed anxiety for some time, the young gallant departed, overwhelming the good dame with his thanks, and entreating permission to call again. This, however, was peremptorily refused, but notwithstanding this interdiction, he came on the following day. The grocer chanced to be out at the time, and the gallant, who had probably watched him go forth, deriding the remonstrances of the younger Bloundel and Leonard, marched straight to the inner room, where he found the dame and her daughter. They were much disconcerted at his appearance, and the latter instantly arose with the intention of retiring, but the gallant caught her arm and detained her.

'Do not fly me, Amabel,' he cried, in an impassioned tone, 'but suffer me to declare the love I have for you. I cannot live without you.'

Amabel, whose neck and cheeks were crimsoned with blushes, cast down her eyes before the ardent regards of the gallant, and endeavored to withdraw her hand.

'One word only,' he continued, 'and I release you. Am I wholly indifferent to you? Answer me—yes, or no?'

'Do not answer him, Amabel,' interposed her mother. 'He is deceiving you. He loves you not. He would ruin you. This is the way with all these court butterflies. Tell him you hate him, child, and bid him begone.'

'But I cannot tell him an untruth, mother,' returned Amabel, artlessly, 'for I do not hate him.'

'Then you love me,' cried the young man, falling on her knees, and pressing her hand to his lips. 'Tell me so, and make me the happiest of men.'

But Amabel had now recovered from the confusion into which she had been thrown, and, alarmed at her own indiscretion, forcibly withdrew her hand, exclaiming in a cold tone, and with much natural dignity, 'Arise, sir. I will not tolerate these freedoms. My mother is right, you have some ill design.'

'By my soul, no!' cried the gallant passionately. 'I love you, and would make you mine.'

'No doubt,' remarked Mrs Bloundel, contemptuously, 'but not by marriage.'

'Yes, by marriage,' rejoined the gallant, rising. 'If she will consent, I will wed her forthwith.'

Both Amabel and her mother looked surprised at the young man's declaration, which was uttered with a fervor that seemed to leave no doubt of its sincerity; but the latter, fearing some artifice, replied,

'If what you say is true, and you really love my daughter as much as you pretend, this is not the way to win her, for though she can make no pretensions to wed with one of your seeming de-

gree—nor is it for her happiness that she should—yet, were she sought by the proudest noble in the land, she shall never, if I can help it, be lightly won. If your intentions are honorable, you must address yourself in the first place to her father, and if he agrees (which I much doubt) that you shall become her suitor, I can make no objection. Till this is settled, I must pray you to desist from further importunity.

'And so must I,' added Amabel. 'I cannot give you a hope till you have spoken to my father.'

'Be it so,' replied the gallant, 'I will tarry here till his return.'

So saying, he was about to seat himself, but Mrs Bloundel prevented him.

'I cannot permit this, sir,' she cried. 'Your tarrying here may, for aught I know, bring scandal upon my house—I am sure it would be disagreeable to my husband. I am unacquainted with your name and condition. You may be a man of rank. You may be one of the profligate and profane crew who haunt the court. You may be the worst of them all, my Lord Rochester himself, for they say when he is about his devilish designs he can put on the garb of an angel of innocence. But whoever you are, and whatever your rank and station may be, unless your character will bear the strictest scrutiny, I am certain Stephen Bloundel will never consent to your union with his daughter.'

'Nay, mother,' observed Amabel, 'you judge the gentleman unjustly. I am sure he is neither a profligate gallant himself, nor a companion of such—especially the Earl of Rochester.'

'I pretend to be no better than I am,' replied the young man, repressing a smile which rose to his lips at Mrs Bloundel's address. 'But I shall reform when I am married. It would be impossible to be inconstant to so fair a creature as Amabel. For my rank I have none. My condition is that of a private gentleman—my name, Maurice Wyvil.'

'What you say of yourself, Mr Maurice Wyvil, convinces me you will meet with a decided refusal from my husband,' returned Mrs Bloundel.

'I trust not,' replied Wyvil, glancing tenderly to Amabel. 'If I should be so fortunate as to gain his consent, have I yours?'

'It is too soon to ask that question,' she rejoined, blushing deeply. 'And now, sir, you must go—indeed you must. You distress my mother.'

'If I do not distress you, I will stay,' resumed Wyvil, with an imploring look.

'You do distress me,' she answered, averting her head.

'Nay, then, I must tear myself away,' he rejoined. 'I shall return shortly, and trust to find your father less flinty-hearted than he is represented.'

He would have clasped Amabel in his arms, and perhaps snatched a kiss, if her mother had not rushed between them. 'No more familiarities, sir,' she cried, angrily—'no court manners here. If you look to wed my daughter, you

must conduct yourself more decorously. But I can tell you, you have no chance—none whatever.'

'Time will show,' replied Wyvil, audaciously. 'You had better give her to me quietly, and save me the trouble of carrying her off—for have her I will.'

'Mercy on us!' cried Mrs Bloundel, in accents of alarm, 'now his wicked intentions are out.'

'Fear nothing, mother,' observed Amabel, coldly. 'He will scarcely carry me off without my own consent, and I am not likely to sacrifice myself for one who holds me in such light esteem.'

'Forgive me, Amabel,' said Wyvil, in a voice so penitent that it instantly effaced her displeasure. 'I meant not to offend you. I spoke only the language of distraction. Do not dismiss me thus, or my death will lie at your door.'

'I should be sorry for that,' she replied, 'but inexperienced as I am, I feel this is not the language of real regard, but of furious passion.—We must not meet again.'

A dark shade passed over Wyvil's handsome features, and the almost feminine beauty by which they were characterised gave place to a fierce and forbidding expression. Controlling himself by a powerful effort, he replied, with forced calmness,

'Amabel, you know not what it is to love.—I will not stir hence till I have seen your father.'

'We will see that, sir,' exclaimed Mrs Bloundel, angrily. 'What ho! son Stephen! Leonard Holt! I say. This gentleman will stay here whether I like or not. Show him forth.'

'That I will, right willingly,' replied the apprentice, rushing before the younger Bloundel, and flourishing his formidable cudgel. 'Out with you, sir! Out with you!'

'Not at your bidding, you saucy knave,' rejoined Wyvil, laying his hand upon his sword.—'And if it were not for the presence of your mistress and her lovely daughter, I would crop your ears for your insolence.'

'Their presence shall not prevent me from making my cudgel and your shoulders acquainted, if you do not budge,' replied the apprentice sturdily.

Infuriated by the retort, Wyvil would have drawn his sword, but a blow on the arm disabled him.

'Plague on you! fellow,' he exclaimed.—'You shall rue this to the last day of your existence.'

'Threaten those who heed you,' replied Leonard, about to repeat the blow.

'Do him no further injury,' cried Amabel, arresting his hand, and looking with the greatest commiseration at Wyvil. 'You have dealt with him far too rudely already.'

'Since I have your sympathy, sweet Amabel,' rejoined Wyvil, 'I care not what rude treatment I experience from this churl. We shall soon meet again.' And bowing to her, he strode out of the room.

Leonard followed him to the shop-door, hop-



ing some further pretext for a quarrel would arise, but he was disappointed. Wyvil took no notice of him, and proceeded at a slow pace towards Cheapside.

Half an hour afterwards, Stephen Bloundel came home. On being informed of what had occurred he was greatly annoyed, though he tried to conceal his vexation, and highly applauded his daughter's conduct. Without further comment he proceeded about his business, and remained in the shop till it was closed. Wyvil did not return, and the grocer tried to persuade himself they should see nothing more of him.—Before Amabel retired to rest he imprinted a kiss on her snowy brow, and said in a tone of the utmost kindness, 'You have never yet deceived me, child, and I hope never will. Tell me truly, do you take any interest in this young gallant?'

Amabel blushed deeply.

'I should not speak the truth, father,' she rejoined, after a pause, 'if I were to say, I do not.'

'I am sorry for it,' replied Bloundel, gravely. 'But you would not be happy with him. I am sure he is unprincipled and profligate. You must forget him.'

'I will try to do so,' sighed Amabel. And the conversation dropped.

On the following day, Maurice Wyvil entered the grocer's shop. He was more richly attired than before, and there was a haughtiness in his manner which he had not hitherto assumed. What passed between him and Bloundel was not known, for the latter never spoke of it, but the result may be gathered from the fact that the young gallant was not allowed an interview with his daughter.

From this moment the change, previously noticed, took place in Amabel's demeanor towards Leonard. She seemed scarcely able to endure his presence, and sedulously avoided his regards. From being habitually gay and cheerful, she became pensive and reserved. Her mother more than once caught her in tears, and it was evident, from many other signs, that Wyvil completely engrossed her thoughts.—Fully aware of this, Mrs Bloundel said nothing of it to her husband, because the subject was painful to him, and not supposing the passion deeply rooted, she hoped it would speedily wear away. But she was mistaken. The flame was kept alive in Amabel's breast in a manner of which she was totally ignorant. Wyvil found means to deceive the vigilance of the grocer and his wife, but he could not deceive the vigilance of a jealous lover. Leonard discovered that his mistress had received a letter. He would not betray her, but he determined to watch her narrowly. Accordingly, when she went forth one morning in company with her younger sister (a little girl of some five years old), he made an excuse to follow them, and keeping within sight, perceived them enter Saint Paul's Cathedral, the mid aisle of which was then converted into a public walk, and generally thronged with town gallants, bullies, bona-robas, cut-purses,

and rogues of every description. In short, it was the haunt of the worst characters of the metropolis. When, therefore, Amabel entered this structure, Leonard felt certain it was to meet her lover. Rushing forward, he saw her take her course through the crowd, and attract general attention from her loveliness—but he nowhere discerned Maurice Wyvil.

Suddenly, however, she struck off to the right and halted near one of the pillars, and the apprentice, advancing, detected his rival behind it. He was whispering a few words in her ear, unperceived by her sister. Maddened by the sight, Leonard hurried towards them, but before he could reach the spot Wyvil was gone, and Amabel, through greatly confused, looked at the same time so indignant that he almost regretted his precipitation.

'You will, of course, make known to my father what you have just seen?' she said in a low tone.

'If you will promise not to see that youth again without my knowledge, I will not,' replied Leonard.

After a moment's reflection, Amabel gave the required promise, and they returned to Wood street together. Satisfied she would not break her word the apprentice became more easy, and as a week elapsed and nothing was said to him on the subject, he persuaded himself she would, not attempt to meet her lover again.

Things were in this state at the opening of our Tale, but upon the night in question, Leonard fancied he discerned some agitation in Amabel's manner towards him, and in consequence of this notion, he sought to meet her gaze, as before related, after prayers. While trying to distract his thoughts by arranging sundry firkins of butter, and putting other things in order, he heard a light footstep behind him, and turning at the sound, beheld Amabel.

'Leonard,' she whispered, 'I promised to tell you when I should next meet Maurice Wyvil. He will be here to-night.'

And without giving him time to answer she retired.

For a few minutes, Leonard remained in a state almost of stupefaction, repeating to himself, as if unwilling to believe them, the words he had just heard. He had not recovered when the grocer entered the shop, and noticing his haggard looks, kindly inquired if he felt unwell. The apprentice returned an evasive answer, and half determined to relate all he knew to his master; but the next moment, he changed his intention, and, influenced by that chivalric feeling which always governs those, of whatever condition, who love profoundly, resolved not to betray the girl, but to trust to his own ingenuity to thwart the designs of his rival, and preserve her. Acting upon this resolution, he said he had a slight headache, and instantly resumed his occupation.

At nine o'clock, the whole family assembled at supper. The board was plentifully though plainly spread, but the grocer observed with some uneasiness that his apprentice, who had a



good appetite in ordinary, ate little or nothing. He kept his eye constantly upon him, and became convinced from his manner that something ailed him. Not having any notion of the truth, and being filled with apprehensions of the plague, his dread was that Leonard was infected by the disease. Supper was generally the pleasant meal of the day, at the grocer's house, but on this occasion it passed off cheerlessly enough, and a circumstance occurred at its close which threw all into confusion and distress.—Before relating this, however, we must complete our description of the family under their present aspect.

Tall, and a spare frame, with good features, somewhat austere in their expression, and of the cast which we are apt to term precise and puritanical, but tempered with great benevolence, Stephen Bloundel had a keen deep-seated eye, overshadowed by thick brows, and suffered his long-flowing grey hair to descend over his shoulders. His forehead was high and ample, his chin square and well defined, and his general appearance exceedingly striking. In age he was over fifty. His integrity and fairness of dealing, never once called in question for a period of thirty years, had won him the esteem of all who knew him; while his prudence and economy had enabled him during that time to amass a tolerable fortune.

His methodical habits and strong religious principles have been already mentioned. His eldest son was named after him, and resembled him both in person and character, promising (alas! it was never realized) to tread in his footsteps. The younger sons require little notice at present. One was twelve, and the other half that age: but both appeared to inherit much of their father's good qualities. Basil, the elder, was a stout, well-grown lad, and had never known a day's ill health; while Hubert, the younger was thin and delicate, and constantly ailing.

Mrs Bloundel was a specimen of a city dame of the best kind. She had a few pardonable vanities, which no arguments could overcome—such as a little ostentation in her dress—a little pride in the neatness of her house—and a good deal in the beauty of her children, especially that of Amabel,—as well as in the wealth and high character of her husband, whom she regarded as the most perfect of human beings. These slight failings allowed for, nothing but good remained. Her conduct was exemplary in all the relations of life. The tenderest of mothers, and the most affectionate of wives, she had as much of genuine piety and strictness of moral principles as her husband. Short, plump, and well proportioned,—though somewhat, perhaps, exceeding the rules of symmetry,—she had a rich olive complexion, fine black eyes, beaming with good nature, and an ever-laughing mouth, ornamented by a beautiful set of teeth. To wind up all, she was a few years younger than her husband.

Amabel has already been described. The youngest girl, Christiana, was a pretty little, dove-eyed, flaxen-haired child, between four and

five years old, and shared the fate of most younger children, being very much caressed, and not a little spoiled by her parents.

The foregoing description of the grocer's family would be incomplete without some mention of his household. Old Josyna Shotterel, the cook, who had lived with her master ever since his marriage, and had the strongest attachment for him, was a hale, stout dame, of about sixty, with few infirmities for her years, and with less asperity of temper than generally belongs to servants of her class. She was a native of Holland, and came to England early in life, where she married Blaize's father, who died soon after their union. An excellent cook in a plain way—indeed, she had no practice in any other—she would brew strong ale and mead, or mix a sack-posset, with any innkeeper in the city.—Moreover, she was a careful and tender nurse, if her services were ever required in that capacity. The children looked upon her as a second mother, and her affection for them, which was unbounded, deserved their regard. She was a perfect storehouse of what is termed 'old women's receipts,' and there were few complaints (except the plague) for which she did not think herself qualified to prescribe, and able to cure. Her skill in the healing art was often tested by her charitable mistress, who required her to prepare remedies, as well as nourishing broths, for such of the poor of the parish as applied to her for relief at times of sickness.

Her son, Blaize, was a stout, stumpy fellow, about four feet ten, with a head somewhat too large for his body, and extremely long arms.—Ever since the plague had broken out in Drury-lane it had haunted him like a spectre, and scattered the few faculties he possessed. In vain he tried to combat his alarm—in vain his mother endeavored to laugh him out of it. Nothing would do. He read the bills of mortality daily; ascertained the particulars of every case; dilated upon the agonies of the sufferers; watched the progress of the infection; and calculated the time it would take to reach Wood street. He talked of the pestilence by day, and dreamed of it by night; and more than once alarmed the house by roaring for assistance, under the idea that he was suddenly attacked. By his mother's advice, he steeped rue, wormwood, and sage, in his drink, till it was so abominably nauseous that he could scarcely swallow it, and carried a small ball in the hollow of his hand, compounded of wax, angelica, camphor, and other drugs. He likewise, chewed a small piece of Virginian snake-root, or zedoary, if he approached any place that he supposed infected. A dried toad was suspended round his neck, as an amulet of sovereign virtue. Every new nostrum sold by the quacks in the streets tempted him; and a few days before he had expended his last crown in the purchase of a bottle of plague-water.—Being of a superstitious nature, he placed full faith in all the predictions of the astrologers, who foretold that London should be utterly laid waste, that grass should grow in the streets, and that the living should not be able to bury the

dead. He quaked at the terrible denunciations of the preachers, who exhorted their hearers to repentance, telling them a judgment was at hand, and shuddered at the wild and fearful prophesying of the insane enthusiasts who roamed the streets. His nativity having been cast, and it appearing that he would be in great danger on the 20th of June, he made up his mind that he should die of the plague on that day. Before he was assailed by these terrors he had entertained a sneaking attachment for Patience, the kitchen-maid, a young and buxom damsel, who had no especial objection to him; but of late, his love had given way to apprehension, and his whole thoughts were centered in one idea, namely, self-preservation.

By this time supper was over, and the family

were about to separate for the night, when Stephen, the grocer's eldest son, having risen to quit the room, staggered, and complained of a strange dizziness and headache, which almost deprived him of sight, while his heart palpitated frightfully. A dreadful suspicion seized his father. He ran towards him, and assisted him to a seat. Scarcely had the young man reached it, when a violent sickness seized him; a greenish-colored froth appeared at the mouth, and he began to grow delirious. Guided by the convulsive efforts of the sufferer, Bloundel tore off his clothes, and, after a moment's search, perceived under the left arm a livid pustule. He uttered a cry of anguish. His son was plague-stricken.

[To be continued.]

## AN EVENING WITH M. THIERS.

[From the London New Monthly for January.]

M. Thiers is out of favor just now, except with the ragamuffin-party in the French schools, who have done their little best to imitate the Robespierre faction of former days, and have been silly and wicked enough to cry 'Down with the English!' The same beardless ruffians who ejaculated, 'Death to the English!' at the interment of Napoleon, shouted 'Vive M. Thiers!' strange *melange*, indeed! and one not very much calculated to give satisfaction to the ex-president of the council, and minister of state for the foreign department. For M. Thiers has the utmost horror of being the idol of the mob; professes the most sovereign contempt for *vulgar* popularity; laughs by the hour together at the 'greasy hats,' and 'sweet voices' of the great 'unwashed,' and has no ambition whatever to be carried in triumph on the shoulders of Parisian workmen. And yet this little great man is so made up of inconsistencies, that whilst during six whole months he courted most assiduously the old families of the Fauxbourg St. Germain, and tried to win over the legitimists to the 'moderate' revolution of 1830, by asserting the 'rights of the aristocracy,' the 'power of hereditary influence,' and the 'instability of the institutions which were not defended by the great, the titled, and the noble,'—only a few weeks afterwards arrested the Duchess of Berry in La Vendee, exposed a woman's secret, and a woman's frailty, and consigned the mother of the Duke of Bordeaux to a prison, near the city whose name she bore!

From the moment M. Thiers purchased, with a large bribe from a Jew traitor, the secret of the duchess's hiding-place, there was an end to all negotiations with the Fauxbourg St. Germain. The legitimists lamented over the error of their beloved princess, but they cursed in their hearts the man who had so publicly exposed it. They can never forgive him; and if the modern Demosthenes (Berryer) has appeared sometimes to support him in his foreign pe-

licy, he has only *appeared* to do so, for he has always had in view the overthrow of the new order of things in France, by urging M. Thiers to carry out the principles upon which the legitimists maintain the revolution of 1830 was founded.

'I love the English aristocracy,' said M. Thiers in a private circle at his house in the *Place St. George*. 'I love the old castles, dominating over tens of thousands of acres. I love the oaken halls of past centuries preserved with matchless polish and perfection in their former grandeur. I love the remnants of the better portions of feudal times, with all the rank and influence which hereditary names and worth can bestow; but without the subjection and vassalage of the darker ages. I love the inviolability of the throne, and the full understanding which there is in England of the maxim *le roi regne, mais ne gouverne pas*.'

M. Thiers is however so inconsistent, that he who thus professed his love of hereditary distinctions and honors was the first and foremost to destroy the hereditary peerage in France, the last bulwark left for the throne and the altar.

'*Vive la Republique!*' was a cry once uttered by M. Thiers in the saloons of M. Lafitte, when the *National* newspaper was being founded to aid the 'opposition of fifteen years' in its work of demolition! Yet this same M. Thiers four years afterwards, when informed that some of his former comrades in the *National* had uttered a similar cry, exclaimed,

'Brigands! what do they want? Fools! what do they desire? I know them well. They are cowards at heart, and are only clamorous and noisy for admission to power. That republic, indeed! The creatures do not know what a republic means. Their silly heads would warm the block with their life-blood, and prepare the way for wholesale murders. How dare they call out '*Vive la Republique!*' when

living under a constitutional monarchy? No, they shall not have a republic, but they shall have grape-shot to their heart's content, if such another cry is uttered.'

This was in 1834—and M. Thiers kept his word; for who can forget the storming of Lyons, and the *mitraille* at St. Etienne, and the scenes in the Rue Transnonain at Paris?

'Peace for ever!' said M. Thiers at Liverpool; 'peace for ever between France and England. There is no reason for their separation, either moral, or political, or commercial.'

How strange a contrast was such language with the acts of M. Thiers during the last six months, and with his declared policy at the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies! Yet this is M. Thiers; the man of the people—loathing the people: the admirer of the rank, and fortune, and talent of the aristocracy, destroying its hereditary privileges; the public declaimer for 'liberty,' and the inventor of new laws against the press; the exciter of popular movements: and the wholesale destroyer of the mob by congreve rockets, bombs, shells, and cannon-balls, the eulogist of the fidelity and honor of the legitimists and French nobles, and the gaoler of an unfortunate princess; the first to proclaim an English and French alliance, and yet the secret and most powerful agent in its destruction.

But though M. Thiers is now unpopular with nearly all the world, except the aspirants to fame at the law and medical schools of Paris, this was not always his case, nor will it continue to be so.

In France, every dog has peculiarly his day, and 'all come to be kings in their turn.' A little patience, and a good deal of decision—a little knowledge, and a great deal of assurance—a little wit, and a large portion of talking talent, amounting neither to eloquence nor to oratory, will effect wonders in France. These have made Adolphe Thiers twice prime minister of France—twice minister of state for foreign affairs—minister of the interior—minister of commerce and public works, and under-secretary of state even in the finance department, the one he most loves, and can, perhaps, best comprehend.

'All is finished now,' said M. Thiers, as we entered the reception-rooms in the Rue de Grenelle St. Germain, when that gentleman was minister of the interior;—'All is finished.'

He never looked so tall as he did on that occasion. Whether he had higher heels to his boots than usual, or stood more on his toes than even he is wont to do, or whether his own delighted soul had actually so operated on his animal frame as to have expanded it on that occasion, we know not. But this we can assert, we never saw him look so tall, or seem so excited.

Our reader will of course be anxious to know what it was that was 'finished,' and the termination of which gave such unqualified satisfaction to M. Thiers. It was the arrest and imprisonment of the Duchess of Berry.

This moment we have selected for a description of an evening with M. Thiers, because it was one of the most remarkable of his past life;

and likewise was one in which he showed all his characters to all present, of personal vanity, undoubted talent, and changeful disposition.

M. Thiers is a very small man in stature and in limbs; but he is not badly made, and could be very easily mistaken for a gentleman. Yet there is something of 'priggishness' about him, which really cannot be explained by any other word, and which annoys you every five minutes that you are conversing with him.

M. Thiers, though a republic writer, and a democratic minister of state, has a great taste, not for the really *grandiose*, but for splendor, show, regal ornaments, baronial titles and equipages, and for a lavish expenditure of his own as well as of the public money. He was never satisfied at any of the official hotels of the ministries which he alternately occupied as minister of state in this or that department, with the furniture of his predecessor. More lights, more velvet, more gold, more drapery, more lustres and looking-glasses, were always wanted the instant he made his appearance; and when he was for the time minister for foreign affairs and president of the council, his apartments soon far outshone the state-rooms of that king who was decried by M. Thiers 'to reign, and not to govern.'

In the Rue de Grenelle, M. Thiers was only minister of the interior. There was far less of luxury than on the Boulevard des Capucines at the foreign office; but yet there was a marked difference between his evening parties and those of his predecessor. The wax-lights were more abundant, the refreshments were more varied, and more rapidly and more frequently served. There was no ease, but quantities of crowding; no dignity, but an amazing amount of heat; less of the air of the representative of the home and stable interests of a great nation, but buzzing, chatting, and emotion enough for some three hundred *soirees*.

It must certainly be admitted that this was no ordinary night, and that all who had the right of *entree*, rushed to see the little man who five years previously had eaten his twenty-penny dinner at a two francs per head eating-house in the Palais Royal, under the benignant sway of the House of Bourbon, but who now had effected her arrest by the employment of a Judas in her camp. No one would believe the announcement. All Paris was petrified. The gay, the charitable, the cheerful, the Paris-loving and beloved Duchess of Berry, arrested and imprisoned by Adolphe Thiers, seemed impossible; and so general and strong was this feeling, that peers, deputies, bankers, merchants, stock-brokers (a class dearly beloved by the ex-minister), *flâneurs*, *proletaires*, and *hommes de lettres*, all rushed to the Rue de Grenelle, to see and hear for themselves, with their own ears, and with their own eyes, that the thing was true.—O what an assemblage was there! 'All the world and his wife!' and M. Thiers was in his glory.

There is no such thing as keeping M. Thiers stationary for five minutes; we might say, per-

haps, for five seconds. He sits, he stands, he sits again, and all in half a minute. He walks up and down the room, runs, jumps, tilts on his toes, shrugs his shoulders, raises them almost to the top of his head, puts on his spectacles, takes them off again, and all with the rapidity of a sleight-of-hand man on the Place de la Bourse.

On the evening in question, M. Thiers spoke to every one as fast as he could; and perhaps in three hours said a greater number of words than any man who ever lived, from the time of Adam downwards.

'Que voulez vous, mon cher?' said M. Thiers to a member of the *centre droit*, who had some doubts as to the legality of arresting and imprisoning a princess, without putting her upon trial. 'Que voulez vous?' and then he went on to say, 'This state of things was impossible. We could not be bearded by the Duchess of Berry. God knows our revolution was moderate enough; we merely sent them out of France; and told them not to come back again; their property, their lives, their titles, all preserved to them, and yet they persist in coming back. I could endure it no longer; I could not see the throne of the king continually disputed by this heroine, as they call her. It became indispensable to terminate all these Chouan hopes and Vendean plunderings and rapine—and now all is finished.'

Every sentence pronounced by M. Thiers during the evening began or closed with 'Tout est fini.' He rang the double changes on these phrases for three mortal hours.

M. Odilon Barrot made his appearance. This was a sort of event. He was at that time the political antagonist of M. Thiers; for the latter was then a conservative, and the former was, what he is still, the chief of the *gauche*.

M. Odilon Barrot was only a lawyer under the restoration, but the revolution of 1830 made him one of the commissioners charged to conduct Charles X., and the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, &c., to Cherbourg. He is a cold, calm, calculating man, enamored of his own views of a parliamentary government, and believes that every thing may be effected by the influence of the ballot. On the night in question he was more excited than he is wont to be, and appeared to regard M. Thiers as a sort of prodigy.

'Eh bien! M. Barrot,' said the host to him, as he entered the second saloon, 'que pensez vous maintenant?'

M. Barrot replied, 'C'est tres habile, M. le Ministre,' and M. Thiers was delighted.

He shuffled his spectacles a little nearer his eyes, doubtless that he might examine with more attention the movements of the face of M. Barrot, and then continued, 'Maintenant tout est fini.'

M. Barrot looked credulous, and simply said, 'Oui, tout est fini dans la Vendee.'

This was not enough to satisfy M. Thiers.

'All is finished every where, M. Barrot, not only in La Vendee, but every where. The hopes of the legitimists are finished; the plots

of all factions are finished; the opposition to our wise and moderate revolution is finished; the attacks to our form of government are finished; the secret enmities of foreign powers are finished; the reputation of the Bourbons is finished; the Henry V. party is finished; the hope of recognising the throne of France is finished; the Carlists are finished; they can exist no longer as a party; all predictions so injurious to a new throne and new institutions are finished; in one word, *tout est fini!*'

This was uttered with a rapidity almost inconceivable, and in an air of triumph almost burlesque. M. Barrot smiled—not acquiescence, but a little good-humored satire, and he seemed to say, 'I am glad you have finished your harangue.'

M. Barrot was not convinced by the flourish of drums and trumpets which had just reached his ear; but, as is the case with all who listen to M. Thiers, he was at least amused.

Few men can talk better, that is, more fluently and 'cozily' than M. Thiers. He goes on and on, and on and on, never hunting for a word, never seeking for a phrase; but manœuvring with his tongue so ably that he adopts all its accents and words, without your perceiving it, to the emotions depicted on your faces, or on the auditory he is addressing. Culeridge was more eloquent than Thiers, but by no means so persuasive.

Who is this that is talking with M. Thiers with great earnestness? It is Garnier Pages. He is the chief of the ultra-liberal party; the O'Connell of the French chamber. M. Garnier Pages laughs outright at the idea of anything being finished by the arrest of the Duchess of Berry, but the hopes of herself and her party. He thinks the embarrassments of the government are increased by it, and asks,

'What is to be done with her now she is in custody? Is she to be brought up for trial before a court of assizes? No jury will convict her in the least, and to remove her to be tried at any other assizes would be unjust. Is she to be brought up for trial before the court of peers, the court would declare itself incompetent. Is she to be simply kept in prison as a state-prisoner without any trial? This is opposed to the charter and the laws. Is she merely to be kept in prison till her *accouchement* shall be over, and is then to be let out without being brought before any tribunal. This would be the most monstrous of all.'

And so he went on; but M. Thiers would have his will, and said, 'All is finished.'

M. Garnier Pages said, 'Thiers is a mountebank, a rope-dancer.' This was a few years ago, certainly; but to-day M. Garnier Pages is the idol of those luckless, witless students who exclaimed '*Vive M. Thiers!*' as they conducted the ashes of Napoleon to the *Invalides*. Garnier Pages is the Henry Hunt of former days; he swears by the people, and has done so for seven years—a very long apprenticeship in France to the same dogma. M. Garnier Pages is a clever man, a good speaker, very brave, and



personally courageous, and knows well the dialect of his party. When we have said that he is the Henry Hunt of former times, we do not speak of his personal appearance, manner, or bearing, for the Frenchman has all the advantage; but we allude to his mode of thinking and opinions.

M. Dupin now enters. How ugly he is! and how cross, severe, hard-lined! such wrinkles and such a frown! and such a scratch wig withal, so black and so ill-made, are not often seen in any part of the habitable globe. M. Thiers receives him with much joy. M. Dupin congratulates him on his success, forgetting his former obsequiousness to the unfortunate duchess. He once told the Duke of Bordeaux, 'that France centred all her hopes upon him'; but now he sees differently, and congratulates over and over again the Minister of the Interior on his ability, zeal, and devotedness. But M. Dupin is fond of '*quotibets*'—and, like Lord Brougham, says odd things in an odd way, making every one laugh, and causing his almost unintentional jokes to be a thousand times repeated. M. Dupin resembles in so many respects his friend Lord Brougham, and has done so many things which his lordship has done before or after him, that it would not be difficult to establish between them a complete parallel. M. Dupin, on the evening in question, was however, notwithstanding all his felicitations offered to M. Thiers, full of doubts and misgivings.—'What is to be done with her now she is arrested?' was his inquiry every where round the room. He loves to create embarrassments, as well as to ask questions, and he must have gratified himself to his heart's content on that evening. M. Thiers of course declined replying as to the intentions of the government. 'The event has but just occurred. This great deliverance is but this moment achieved. The government of the king deliberates. It acts and deliberates. It will know at all times how to put down factions, whether regal or republican. These last words were repeated round the room; and some smiled, others frowned, some doubted, whilst others swore then by Thiers, as they do now, and declared 'That he was the only man of any note produced by the revolution of 1830.' Garnier Pages thought this a falsehood, and we do not wonder he did so, for Garnier Pages belongs to the revolution himself.

'Where is Guizot? where is Guizot?' asked several persons at the *soiree*. He was not there. He could not rejoice at the arrest and imprisonment of the duchess, the mother of the Duke of Bordeaux, and once the distributress of so much alms in the city of Paris, and at every place she visited. He was not a legitimist, and made some opposition to the measures of the ministers during the concluding years of the restoration; but he was no admirer of purchasing a princess's person by a huge bribe to a Jew traitor. So he stopped away.

But if Guizot was absent, there were plenty who were present, all of whom felicitated M. Thiers on his unparalleled success.

M. Barthe is a dull, heavy man, formerly one of the Carbonari, but now a fiery persecutor of all associations of a secret character. He has just come in, and looks as black as thunder, and as heavy as lead. He sees Odillon Barrot, Mauguin, and Garnier Pages conversing together, and heard his name mentioned as he trod along the room. He had been *charevaried* by some of the students coming out of the Palais de Justice, on that or the previous day, and he was full of sorrow and sadness.

'The arrest of the Duchess of Berry,' he said, 'would give him more to do, increase the number of the enemies of the government, and create many difficulties;' still he felicitated M. Thiers, and declared 'that it was high time now to finish with the Carlists and Republicans.'—M. Thiers repeated, '*Mais mon cher Barthe, je declare que maintenant tout est fini.*'

There was no driving him from this: and he urged it with such apparent conviction that the funds rose next day some two or three per cent. This was anticipated by some who observed that M. Thiers conversed a good deal with his favorite *agent de change*, and with M. Dosne, the father of Madame Thiers. Of course Madame Thiers was not present. She is pretty and amiable, thinks her husband very talented and very lucky, but does not think him either the most agreeable or the most handsome man in the world. Her father has reason to bless the day he first saw Adolphe Thiers. The receiver-generalship of the North, which M. Dosne possesses, was conferred on him by M. Thiers, and some sad rogues, who like to take away very honest men's characters, have dared to say that the ex-minister of Foreign Affairs has shared in the profits of the post in question. M. Dosne was most assiduous in his attentions to his son-in-law on the evening in question. If M. Thiers made any gesticulation of an extraordinary character, good M. Dosne appeared to stand in breathless admiration; and *mon gendre* and *mon beau fils* were tones which often escaped his lips, in order that no one might be in ignorance that the little man who arrested the duchess was really and truly his son-in-law!

Marshal Lobau was a great favorite of M. Thiers; and on the evening, whose transactions we are recording, the Minister of the Interior deigned to notice him with peculiar favor. That Lobau was an able and gallant officer none will venture to deny; but it was neither his ability nor his courage which called forth the eulogies of M. Thiers. The secret of the favoritism consisted in this: the marshal had invented a new method for quelling *emeutes* and dispersing mobs. It was not with bullets or with ball, with cartridge or cannon, with sabres or swords, with the prancing of the municipal cavalry, or the cutting down by the dragoons; but the new method of dispersing mobs was by pumping dirty water on the *canaille*. The good old marshal said that these *emeutiers* were not bad enough to shoot, and were too dangerous to let alone; so his plan was to wet and dirty them with foul water.



'Fill the engines for watering the streets,' said Lobau, 'with dirty water: apply a pump, a leathern hose, and a mouth-piece at the end.—Then pump away on the assembled throng, and in five minutes not a man or woman will be left on the field of drenching.' This stratagem was resorted to, and it fully succeeded. The Paris caricaturists set about humorizing this frolic, and painted Marshal Lobau in the form of a syringe. M. Thiers was joking the Marshal this evening about his dirty-water exploits, and poor Lobau enjoyed the fun quite as much as the minister. Lobau was an excellent fellow.

Of all the persons who crowded to the *soirees* of M. Thiers, none were ever received by him with such marked attention and respect, amounting to homage, as foreign ambassadors and ministers. With the exception of Lord Granville, whose amiable and accomplished manners are thrown away upon M. Thiers, the ex-minister always treated the members of the diplomatic circle even with obsequiousness. But he could not like Lord Granville—and his lordship is certainly not amongst his warmest admirers.—There was not so large an attendance of the members of the diplomatic circle that night at M. Thiers's as might have been expected; but those there were hopped round, and jumped round, and pulled about, and pawed, and made so much of by the Minister of the Interior, that it was clear to all he had some secret intention of one day taking the Foreign Department under his control. The ambassadors were amused at M. Thiers's antics, and laughed when his back was turned; but he was so civil, and so polite, and so fawning, that they could not insult him to his face, whatever might have been some of their secret inclinations. They looked at him sometimes as honest men are wont to look at sharpers—rather distrustfully;—but then his pineapple ices were the best in Paris, and his Tokay Sorbets were quite novel. As M. Thiers knows that his origin is more than suspected, he has a profusion of plate, liveried servants and equipages—but all is glare, stare, noise, and blaze. There is nothing of old English hospitality on the one hand, nor of French suavity and politeness on the other. It is all pomp and show, but of very *citizen-like character*. He is a sort of Lord-Mayor-man, and 'plenty of it' is the order of the day. No one can accuse him of meanness or closeness in his arrangements; but as the *telegraph* fills his pockets very rapidly, it is with him 'soon come—and soon gone.'

But though the *soiree* was chiefly political, it was not *wholly* so. There was Alexander Dumas, the novellist of the new school of 'raw-head-and-bloody-bones.' We wonder he never made a romance out of the citadel of Blaye, and the Iscariot of La Vendee. Then there was Hugo, with his wonderful head and his standing-up brain, full of ghosts, spectres, and devils of his own creation. Hugo has not sold himself to any party, for he is incapable of doing that; but he has forgotten too soon the first loves of his boyhood, and the kind hand of that Duchess who brought him into notice. And Barthélemy

was there, who once wrote satires by steam, and brought out with such rapidity his astounding compositions, that each week produced some new wonder. But 'every man has his price,' and the government purchased his silence. It did the same with the chiefs of the St Simonians and three of the ablest of their party are now defenders in the daily press of that government and of that throne they were formerly devoted to destroy.

Then there was Merilhon, the barrister and deputy, since a peer, a pauper in 1829, and a nobleman now. Merilhon is a great speculator. He was once also a Carbonaro with Barette, and on the point of a poniard they swore 'death to kings.' But Monsieur Merilhon has changed his key-note now, and sings of thrones and sceptres more merrily and heartily than he ever did of scaffolds and revolutions. M. Merilhon is a fortunate man, but he is no great favorite of M. Thiers, and thus he has hitherto escaped the enjoyments and emoluments of minister of justice.

There likewise was M. Persil. He accosted M. Thiers with apparent friendliness, but he did this to save appearances. He knew M. Thiers was in heart a democrat, and that he was, and is, his opponent. Few men hate better than M. Persil. He is a fierce hater. He is therefore hated in return. Few speak to him at the *soiree*, but M. Thiers was most polite and attentive to him. M. Persil is one of the best lawyers in France; but as he is accustomed to regard all subjects with a legal view, he is dry and uninteresting in his conversation. We should think he might boast of never having read any other than a law book in his life, except his bible and his classics.

About eleven o'clock the rooms were crowded to suffocation, and to write down even the names of all who were there, would occupy many pages. M. Thiers was active to the last. '*Tout est fini*' was his first and last word. The fact was, he had made up his mind that the funds should rise, and that there should be no disappointment. So the next morning at nine o'clock every little jobber's clerk at Tortoni's, had the key-word, '*Tout est fini*;' whilst their masters declared 'that there was nothing now to prevent the funds rising ten per cent.' Poor dupes!—A week afterwards the funds were lower. But in the mean time fortunes had been made and lost—and certainly M. Thiers was not a loser.

At last the witching hour arrived. M. Thiers looked exhausted; and he sank down upon a sofa. Mignet was by his side. They had written up a revolution—and had made it together—and now they beheld their child before them. The very small men of giant times were very great men in times of pigmies, and Thiers and Mignet had a good laugh. We hope it was not at the duchess, and we believe not either; but we thought that there might be some allusions in their jokes to the gullibility of poor human nature, and to the assured rise in the funds of tomorrow. 'Good night, M. Thiers! Good night! Yours are sure to be golden dreams.' So we parted.